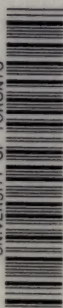
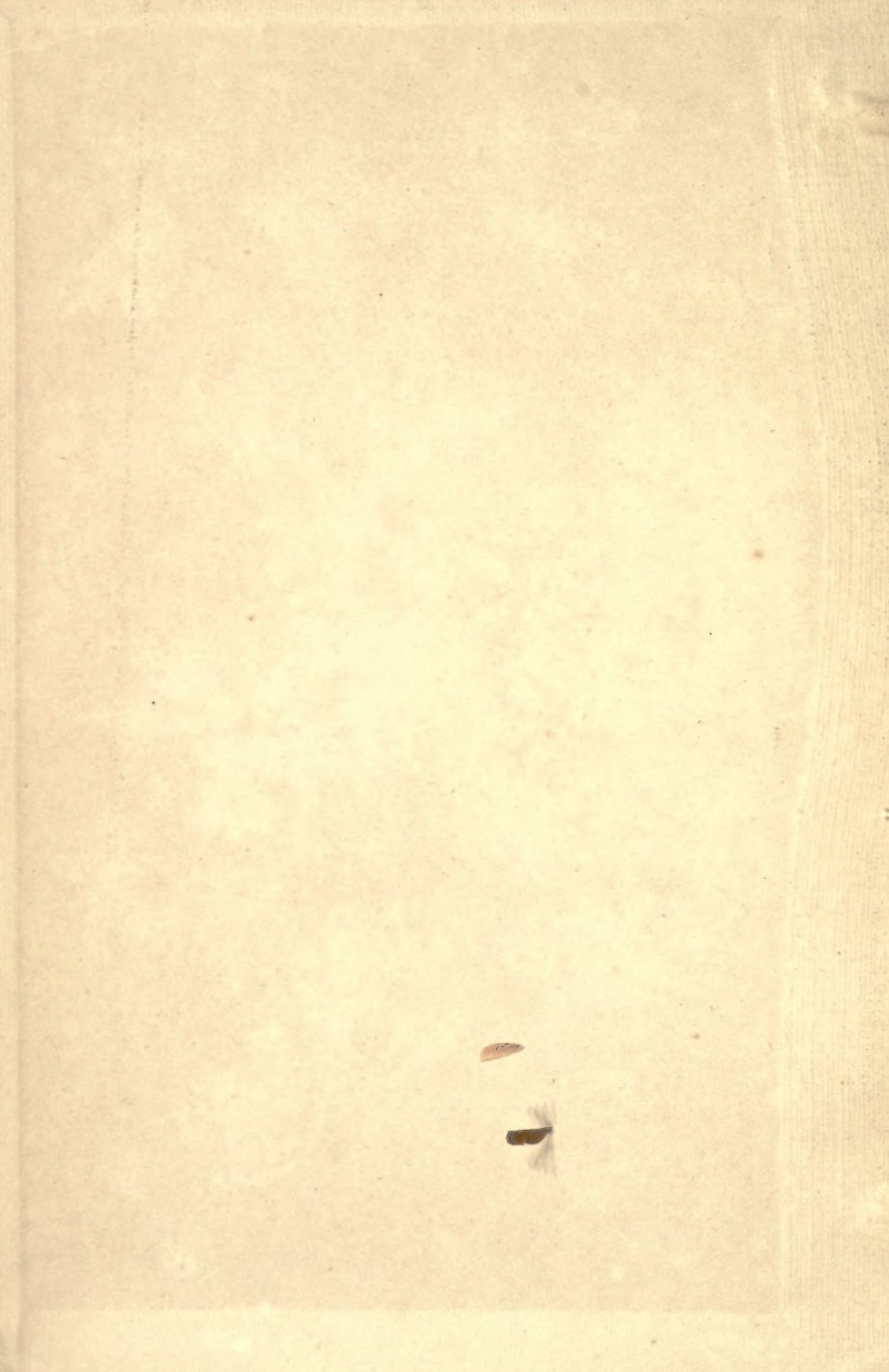


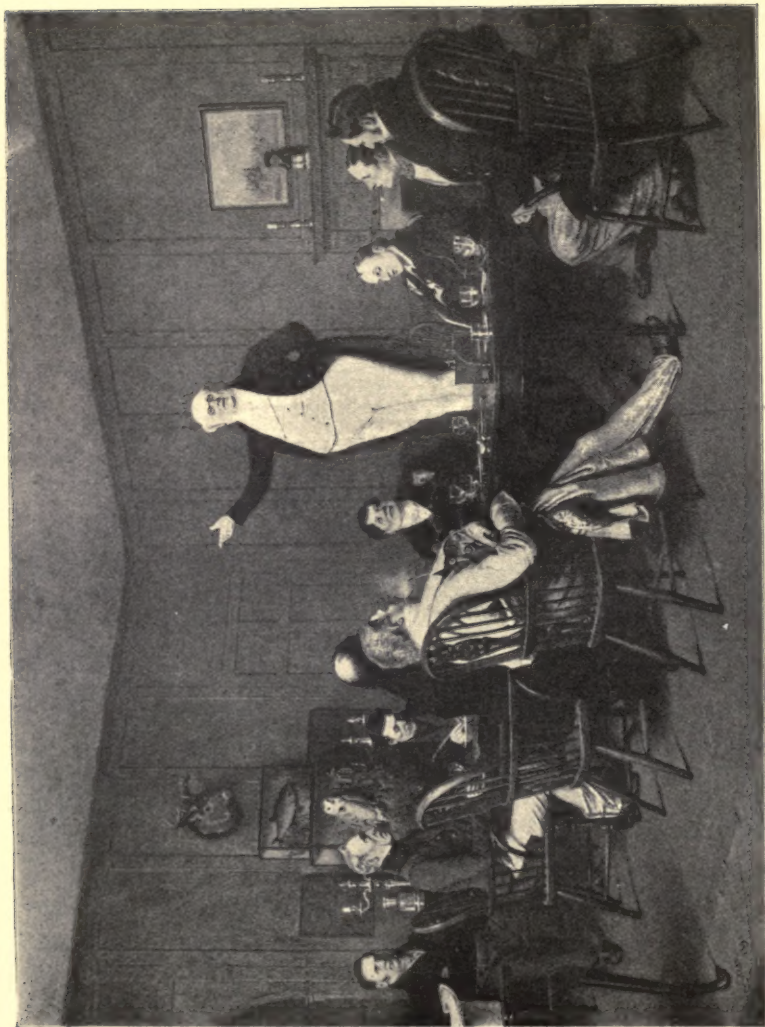
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PICTORIAL PICKWICKIANA



From the picture by the late Charles Green, R. I.

"MR. PICKWICK ADDRESSING THE MEMBERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB.

"What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand concealed beneath his coat-tails, and the other waving in the air, to assist his glowing declamation."

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PICTORIAL PICKWICKIANA

CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS

WITH 350 DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS

BY

ROBERT SEYMOUR, BUSS, H. K. BROWN, "PHIZ," LEECH, "CROWQUILL,"
ONWHY, SIBSON, HEATH, SIR JOHN EVERETT, R.A.,

C. R. LESLIE, R.A., J. W. FALSTRADE,

CHARLES GREEN, R.E.

ESQ., &c.

NOTES ON CONTEMPORANEOUS ILLUSTRATIONS
AND "PICKWICK" ARTISTS

EDITED BY JOSEPH GREGO

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LTD.

1899

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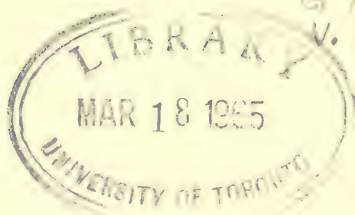
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PICKWICK CHARACTERS

BY KENNY MEADOWS



"Pickwick Characters" (*Bell's Life in London*, 1838).

Drawn by Kenny Meadows.

MR. PICKWICK.

From an original drawing in Boz Hall.

Bell's Life, Sunday, March 25, 1838.

Offspring of Boz's fertile brain
Whose bright creations never fail,
Enter our gallery with thy train—
Sire of the Pickwick Club, all hail.

Welcome, thou man of Goswell Street,
To warm and kindly feeling true;
And in *Bell's* sporting journal greet
Old friends this day with feature

Enlarged in form, as thou in heart,
A gallant race well-braced to run,

With thee, old boy, we'll make a start,
Long trained to sport, and backed by fun.

Rivals before us soon must fall,
Or very far behind us follow;
The "go-by" *Bell* will give them all,
And distance competition hollow.

Come, then, old friend, and join our ranks,
And take with us a cheerful cup, man;
While gaily we recall the pranks
Of Winkle, Snodgrass Sam, and
Tupman.



"Pickwick Characters" (*Bell's Life in London*, 1838).

Drawn by Kenny Meadows.

SAMUEL VELLER.

(Taken expressly for the Host of "The White Hart," in the Borough.)

Bell's Life, Sunday, April 1, 1838.

Staunch comrade of the Pickwick corps,
To merriment a constant spur,
Who sported on thy skull of yore
A "ventilation gossamer."

Faith, thou'rt an out-and-outer thorough,
And much the public has admired you,
Since from "The White Hart" in the
Borough,

Pickwick the philanthropic hired you.

Welcome, thou shrewd and trusty lad,
With sayings quaint and winning eye—
By Jove, this day we're very glad
Thou hast not proved an *alibi*.

To Pickwick-duty wide awake,
None in that service could be hotter;

Though you were once,—and no mistake
Completely diddled by Job Trotter.

Who can forget thy valentine,
With double-gilt edge ornamented,
When low you bent at Cupid's shrine,
By Mary's beauty "circumvented"?

Who can that knowing scheme forget,
When tried in sunshine or disaster,
Old dad arrested you for debt,
And locked you up with Pick your
master?

Who shall dispute Sam Weller's claim
To rank among the Pickwick sages?
Class'd with that honour'd Club, his fame
Shall flourish fair in future ages.

PICKWICK ON THE STAGE.

PROMINENT amongst Charles Dickens's substantial grievances was the predative manner in which violent hands were laid on his literary offspring, for the advantage of the unprincipled enterprisers, who, in piratical fashion, annexed his own creations, recklessly disfiguring, hacking, and altering the creatures of his fancy—under the shallow pretence of paying “Boz” a compliment by serving up to the public maimed and distorted travesties, which could not fail to burlesque and depreciate Dickens's own original writings. Plagiarism was carried to incredible lengths, as will be shown in the shameless piratical pseudo-“continuations” of the “Pickwick Club Papers.” The most flagrant examples of these base attempts are given in the present work, together with samples of the indignant denunciations by “Boz” vainly hurled against the shameless despoilers. The phenomenal success of “Pickwick” had its vexations, drawbacks and penalties; what the susceptible author suffered from his barefaced imitators was best known to his confidential advisers, Forster, Talfourd, &c.; apart from these confidences we find Dickens on occasions relieving his outraged feelings by characteristic onslaughts “in print” upon the most unscrupulous of the piratical crew.

Naturally playwrights were in the front ranks of these offenders, for Dickens legitimately protested against his stories being stolen “without your leave;” the injustice of the theft being intensified by the aggravating circumstance that, for dramatic purposes—while the interest of the famous

fictions held the reading public—these predaceous adaptors found it expedient to seize the novels—when only a portion of these admirable works were published, or even written, and hence it arose that these unscrupulously ingenious gentry further offended beyond endurance, by forestalling the *dénouements* in their own clumsy fashions; coming to a lame impotent climax, of their own devising—six months before the author had wound-up his story, or favoured his readers with the authentic conclusion. Here indeed was a grievance—the effect of which on a sensitive mind—and temperament so finely strung as that of the author—cannot be over-estimated.

The dedication of the “Pickwick Papers” to Sergeant Talfourd is dated September 27th, 1837, the concluding double number (Parts XIX. and XX.) being issued in November; long before that date there had appeared on the stage several adaptations professing to finish the story, and all necessarily bringing the plot to a “finale” more or less novel to the victimised, ill-used, and disgusted “Boz,” who was tempted in *Nicholas Nickleby* to set on record, through the mouth-piece of his youthful hero, his personal grievances against the indefensible proceedings of so-called “dramatists,” at whose hands he had thus suffered.

Contemporary with the still unfinished “PICKWICK PAPERS” while the serial—about two-thirds published—was being issued to the public in monthly parts, several dramatised versions were advertised for performance. Of those actually in representation at the time there were two leading productions at the Adelphi and Strand theatres respectively.

“THE PEREGRINATIONS OF PICKWICK.” An acting drama in three acts. By Willian Leman Rede; 1837. This was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, April 10th, 1837, where it was heralded by a fine flourish of announcements.

“SAM WELLER, OR THE PICKWICKIANS.” A drama in three Acts, by William Thomas Moncrieff, 1837.

“THE PICKWICKIANS, OR, THE PEREGRINATIONS OF SAM

WELLER," arranged from Moncrieff's adaptation, was published by T. H. Lacy, 1850.

Moncrieff's adaptation is described as the most successful; this version was produced under the direction of W. J. Hammond at the New Strand Theatre, July 10th, 1837. A great hit was made in this piece by W. J. Hammond himself, in the character of "Sam Weller."

"THE PICKWICK CLUB, a Burletta in Three Acts," is assigned by Percy Fitzgerald to Edward Stirling, the actor, whose name, as it happens, is found in the list of performers playing in the Adelphi adaptation, arranged by W. Leman Rede.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., in his painstaking and exhaustive "History of Pickwick" (Chapman and Hall, 1891), to which references have been made in the course of this work, has further alluded to the version of "PICKWICK" dramatised for the City Theatre by an unfortunate being, whom Dickens had occasion to denounce more than once, with sufficiently withering scorn, as will be seen. This wretched creature, according to Dickens's own scathing story, was under contract to furnish the management with seven melodramas for five pounds; "to enable him to do which, a room had been hired in a gin-shop close by." These headquarters, congenial to the spirit of the adaptor, proved a fatal stumbling block to his industry; for, yielding to surrounding temptations, he remained in a consistent state of perpetual drunkenness, and the contract was in consequence jeopardised; although it is inferred from Boz's fierce invective that there was a profit on the transaction, for Dickens thought proper to write: "Well, if it has been the means of putting a few shillings in the vermin-eaten pockets of so miserable a creature, let him empty out his little pot of filth and welcome."

The present purpose is limited to the consideration of versions of "PICKWICK" adaptations contemporaneous with the original issue of that epoch-marking production; it may

be added in this place that theatrical adaptations of "Pickwick," down to recent times, have demonstrated the ever-juvenile and stimulating vigour of the work in question; the public will have fresh in recollection the lively adaptation "Pickwick" by James Albery, brought out at the Lyceum Theatre, October 23, 1871, under Mr. Bateman's management, with the view of enabling Sir Henry Irving—otherwise an enthusiastic appreciator of Dickens, and himself a collector of "Dickensiana"—to delight the public with his vivacious interpretation of "Jingle"—a character closely allied with the same gifted actor's version of "Jingle's" not very distant relative the facetious "Jeremy Diddler,"—another favourite impersonation of Irving's, and equally dear to popular fame.¹

PICKWICK AT THE ADELPHI.

Alluding to the appetising bill of the Adelphi version by William Leman Rede, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has pointed out that this production "must have been moral torture to the author, in spite of the nauseous compliments with which the adapters tried to propitiate him. At the same time it is difficult not to be amused at the ingenuity with which the writers made the most of, and 'beat out,' as it were, the meagre materials at their disposal. This mode, however, of laying out a 'good bill,' and piquing the readers with an anticipatory sketch of the plot, was then in high fashion."


The announcement, here reproduced, is in the nature of a PICKWICKIAN curiosity, pleasantly recalling the ingenuity of "Manager Crummles" in his most fertile moments of theatrical inspiration.

It will be remarked that the adaptor, seeking strong melodramatic interest, has interwoven the "Story about a Queer Client" (Pickwick, Chap. XXI.), turned about and expanded at his own discretion; this "serious story" supplies the fabric of the opening scene, and its unwarranted continuation is "sandwiched-in" between musical interludes; an Irish

“variety” monologue by Mrs. Fitzwilliam (an accomplished vocalist, known to fame as a sweet ballad-singer), with such excerpts from the veritable “PICKWICK PAPERS” as “The Club,” “The Rochester Ball,” “The White Hart Inn in the Borough,” “Old Wardle’s Manor Farm, Dingley Dell,” with two elopements thrown in, and the Marshalsea substituted in place of the Fleet prison.

The performance at the Adelphi was evidently an important venture as regards the “cast” offered; for the ladies included such popular favourites as Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Young, with the vocal and tuneful Mrs. Fitzwilliam; amongst the actors were such leading lights and long-established favourites as Mr. O. Smith, Mr. Yates as “Pickwick,” Buckstone as “Alfred Jingle,” and that admirable comedian, John Reeve, as “Sam Weller,” Mr. Sanders as “Old Weller,” Mr. Sterling, appropriately, as the poetical “Snodgrass,” &c. We give the “Bill” to tell its own story:—

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

 The new piece of the PEREGRINATIONS OF PICKWICK is eminently successful.—The personation of PICKWICK, JINGLE, and SAM WELLER is unique.—The roars of laughter are incessant.—The serious interest intense.—The house full.

Monday, April 10th (1837), and during the week, will be presented an original, Serio-Comic Burletta, in three Acts, interspersed with music, founded on the celebrated “Papers” written by “Boz,” and entitled the

PEREGRINATIONS OF PICKWICK.

The “*Papers*,” upon which this Drama is principally founded, have obtained a celebrity wholly unexampled in that class of literature. The proprietors of the Adelphi were anxious to present it in the most favourable dramatic form to the public; a serious story (the incidents from an episode in the “*PICKWICK PAPERS*,”) has therefore been interwoven with the (*sic*) pre-ambulations of the “PICKWICKIANS.”

A great portion of the comic dialogue is extracted from the (PICKWICK) PAPERS by the express permission of the Author, C. Dickens, Esq., better known as “Boz.”

ACT I.—THE MISER FATHER.

Old Clutchley (<i>a wealthy speculator</i>)	MR. O. SMITH.
George Heyling...	MR. HEMMING.
Maria (<i>betrothed to Heyling</i>)	MRS. YATES.
Norah (<i>attendant on Miss Wardle</i>)	MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

THE CLUB.

Charing Cross.—CAB-alistic Doings.—A Meeting.—A Journey.

SAMUEL PICKWICK, Esq. (<i>founder of the P.C., a gentleman of the inquiring sort</i>)	MR. YATES.
Augustus Snodgrass, Esq., M.P.C.	MR. STIRLING.
Tracy Tupman, Esq., M.P.C.	MR. ISMAY.
Alfred Jingle (<i>NOT</i>) Esq. (<i>a gentleman of a talkative sort</i>)	MR. BUCKSTONE.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Garden.—A Father's Denunciation.—The Flight.

Air, "*O! Killarney's Lucid Lake*" (Old Irish Melody) MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

THE BALL AT ROCHESTER.

Ante-room at Ball.—Arrival of Visitors.—PICKWICKIANS Pleasuring.—

Cutting Out and Cutting In.—Fighting and Flirting.

A. Wardle, Esq., of Dingley Dell (*an old English*

Gentleman) MR. CULLENFORD.

DR. SLAMMER, M.D. MR. SANDERS.

Joe ("The Fat Boy"—a peripatetic somnambulist) ... MR. DUNN.

Miss Wardle (*maiden sister of Mr. Wardle*) MRS. YOUNG.

The Misses Wardle { MISS A. CONWAY.
MRS. FORSYTHE.

Quadrille.—Another Elopement.—Pursuit.

ACT II.—WHITE HART INN, BOROUGH.

Arrival of Pursuers.—The Interview.—The Compromise.

SAM WELLER (*Boots, with original notions respecting*

things in general) MR. JOHN REEVE.

Mr. Perker (*an Attorney*) MR. YOUNG.

Ostler MR. GIFFORD.

Chambermaid MISS CONWAY.

THE MARSHALSEA PRISON.

Destitution.—Unforgiving Father.—Generous Hibernian.—Catastrophe.

Air, "The Grave where the Dear One Died" (Irish

Melody) MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

SPORTSMEN (Country and Cockney).

The Banquet.—Precautions.—Effects of Punch and Speech-making.

ACT III.

Three years are supposed to have elapsed between the second and third Acts.

Pickwick resumes his peregrinations in search of a new wonder.

AN APARTMENT.

AN IRISH MEDLEY MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

Old Weller (*father of Sam, a long-Stage coachman*)... MR. SANDERS.

A PRISON.

Marian, the Restored Maniac.—Repentance.—Happiness.

THE FÊTE AT MR. WARDLE'S.

Christmas Party.—Good News.—Dénouement.—Finale and Dance.

The printed version of the Adelphi and Surrey "Pickwickian" drama is of further interest, as the adaptor in his introductory note, although somewhat late after the event, has herein candidly confessed that he had dramatised the "*Papers*" against his own private convictions of their fitness for the stage.

THE PEREGRINATIONS OF PICKWICK,

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,

By WILLIAM LEMAN REDE,

Author of "Faith and Falsehood," &c. &c.

Printed from the Acting Copy—with a description of the costumes—cast of the characters—exits and entrances—and the whole of the business.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE ADELPHI AND SURREY THEATRES.

With a correct illustration of one of the principal scenes, designed from a drawing taken in the theatre, and engraved by W. C. Walker.

1837.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY W. STRANGE, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

It may at once be said that the drawing thus described is a version of PHIZ's first plate, introducing Sam Weller in the familiar scene of cleaning boots in the Borough Inn Yard, where he is interviewed by PICKWICK, Wardle, and the lawyer, little Mr. Perker, all four characters being evidently direct adaptations from PHIZ's characteristic drawing.

Lest there should exist any misapprehension as to his share in the matter, or as to his dramatic intentions in the acting edition, W. Leman Rede has thought proper to insert the following—

ADVERTISEMENT.

"It may be necessary to explain that this piece was originally written with the episode of the 'Queer Client'

worked into it as a serious plot; in this the talents of Mrs. Yates and Mr. O. Smith, and others, were employed. The consequence of this introduction was that the drama was rendered an hour too long. After the twentieth night the serious scenes were cut out, and the piece was played as a farce in the shape in which it now appears in print. The unfitness of the (*PICKWICK*) ‘Papers’ for the purposes of the drama I believed ere I began this task, and know now.

“This version was written when only the eighth number of the (*Pickwick*) *Papers* was published. At the Adelphi, and in Liverpool, Manchester, &c., this adaptation has been very favourably received, a circumstance entirely attributable to the fact that Messrs. Yates, Buckstone, Reeve, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam played the principal characters.”

Old Clutchley, the miser, was evidently introduced in favour of O. Smith; when the “serious” business was altered this actor relinquished the character.

Subjoined is the full cast of the original performances at the Adelphi and Surrey Theatres.

Clutchley	Mr. O. Smith.
PICKWICK	Mr. Yates.
Snodgrass	Mr. Sterling.
Tupman	Mr. Isaacs.
JINGLE	MR. BUCKSTONE.
SAM WELLER	MR. JOHN REEVE.
Joe (<i>fat boy</i>)	Mr. Dunn.
Parker	Mr. Jones.
Old Weller	Mr. Sanders.
Dr. Slammer	Mr. Gifford.
Wardle	Mr. Cullenford.
Hunt (<i>a servant</i>)	Mr. Morris.
Waiter	Mr. Young.
Ostler	Mr. Smith.

Cabmen, Beadle, Dancers, &c., &c.

Norah	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.
Aunt Rachel	Mrs. Young.

Emily, Bella, &c., &c.

“PICKWICK” AT THE NEW STRAND THEATRE.

A more considerable hit was made at the New Strand Theatre, at that time a novelty, where the scribe was W. T. Moncrieff, whose adaptation of the improving “Life in London,” by Pierce Egan, had drawn the town on an unprecedented scale to witness the nocturnal belated frolics of Corinthian Tom, Jerry, Hawthorn, and Bob Logic. Stress was laid upon the engagement of “this eminent hand,” as may be gathered from the announcements that the piece was adapted under these advantageous conditions—by a piece of colossally impudent assumption—supposed to be highly complimentary to the aggrieved and maltreated author of “PICKWICK.”

Arranged from the celebrated PICKWICK PAPERS of the inimitable Boz.


NEW STRAND THEATRE

(Near Somerset House.)

On Monday, July 10th, 1837, and during the week, will be presented for the first time, with new and extensive scenery, dresses, and decorations, &c., &c., an entirely new peregrinating piece of incidents, characters and manners, interspersed with vaudevilles, called

SAM WELLER; OR, THE PICKWICKIANS

founded on Boz’s “POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB,” by the author of “TOM AND JERRY.” The scenery by Mr. Dearlove and assistants; the music arranged by Mr. Collins; the dresses and decorations by Mr. Nallion, &c. The piece produced under the sole direction of Mr. W. J. HAMMOND.

 “If the author should be considered to have overlooked, or not to have perceived, any part he should have

taken, he can only plead in excuse that he has been obliged to perform his work in the *dark!* which he trusts will procure him pardon.

“Late experience has enabled him to bring Mr. PICKWICK’S affairs to a conclusion rather sooner than his gifted biographer has done, if not so satisfactorily, at all events legally.”

The adaptor in his introduction, printed and given to the public with the published version (1837) of this presumably attractive piece, has a great deal more to say than was darkly hinted in the foregoing announcement, both concerning his personal impressions upon his own ingenuity, and, as it appeared to the dramatist, the ungrateful spirit in which his efforts had been received elsewhere, especially in the instance of Dickens’s friendly adviser, John Forster, in the *Examiner* newspaper, strictures which had “palpably hit” the depredator therein aimed at by the stalwart critic in question.

The following gives the cast of the version :—

SAM WELLER; OR, THE PICKWICKIANS

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW STRAND THEATRE,

With unexampled success,

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, Esq.

Member of the Dramatic Authors’ Society, and Author of “The Armourer of Paris !” “The Jewess !” “The Winterbottoms !” &c., &c., &c.

[Here follows a neat quotation from *Don Quixote*, part 2, cap. xii.]

LONDON : PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

1837.

(Price One Shilling only.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. Pickwick (<i>founder of the Pickwick Club</i>)	MR. A. YOUNGE.
Augustus Snodgrass, Esq., M.P.C.	MR. MELVILLE.
Tracy Tupman, Esq. (<i>ditto</i>)	MR. E. BURTON.
Nathaniel Winkle, Esq. (<i>ditto</i>)	MR. ROBERTS.
Mr. Wardle (<i>a fine old English Gentleman</i>)	MR. G. COOKE.
G. Nupkins, Esq. (<i>Mayor of Ipswich</i>)	MR. CHICHELEY.
Mr. Leo Hunter	MR. NICHOLSON.
Alfred Jingle, Esq. (<i>a Walking Gentleman</i>)	MR. J. LEE.
MR. SAMUEL WELLER (<i>faithful attendant of Mr. Pickwick</i>)	MR. W. J. HAMMOND.
Mr. Weller, senior (<i>a long-Stage Coachman</i>)	MR. H. HALL.
Job Trotter (<i>a dubious character</i>)	MR. ATTWOOD.
Master Joseph Dumpling (<i>The Fat Boy</i>)	MR. A. RICHARDSON.

Honorable Simon Slumkey ; Horatio Fizkin, Esq. ; Rackstraw ; Dogsflesh ; Canteen ; Alleycampain ; Drunken Liberal ; Ballad Singer ; Match Seller ; Turnkey ; Grummer ; and numerous other characters by MESSRS. DEARLOVE, BURTON, SEARLE, CHAPMAN, &c., &c.

WOMEN.

Miss Rachel Wardle (<i>sister of Mr. Wardle</i>)	MRS. JOHNSON.
Miss Isabella Wardle (<i>daughter of Mr. Wardle</i>)	MRS. HAMMOND.
Miss Emily Wardle (<i>ditto</i>)	MISS DALY.
Mrs. Bardell (<i>a widow</i>)	MRS. MELVILLE.
Mrs. Leo Hunter	MISS E. HAMILTON.
Miss Tabby (<i>keeper of Boarding School for Young Ladies</i>)	MRS. H. HALL.
Mary Summers	MISS PETIFER.
Miss Lucretia Kitchener (<i>Miss Tabby's cook</i>)	MISS BROOKES.

Mrs. Barclay, Boarders, Visitors, Servants, &c., &c.

MONCRIEFF'S "ADVERTISEMENT" TO HIS PICKWICKIAN ADAPTATION.

"It is almost needless to observe that this Drama is founded on the very original, graphic and clever 'POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB,' written by MR. DICKENS, better known through his familiar cognomen 'Boz.' It will be quite supererogatory to point out the numerous instances in which I have been obliged, for the purposes of the stage, to

depart from my original. As the (*Pickwick*) *Papers* are in everybody's hands, and the deviations speak for themselves, it may be sufficient to say that I have in no instance, I trust, departed from the spirit of my prototype, however greatly I may have been compelled to vary from their form and bearing; and that I have endeavoured to make the quantity of original matter I was necessitated to write amalgamate—not unworthily, I trust—with the materials borrowed from MR. DICKENS. It would have been a much more easy and genial task for me to have written an entirely original work, especially labouring, as I have been for some time past, under the calamity of, I hope only temporary, blindness; but I was rather piqued than otherwise to the work. The (*Pickwick*) *Papers* have been pronounced to be wholly undramatic; two very talented gentlemen, to use a newspaper term, had both attempted the task, and failed—the one from sticking too closely to his original, the other through departing too widely from it. It struck me they were to be *made* dramatic. I knew well their author had never contemplated the production of them in a dramatic shape, or he would have formed a regular plot, and given a continuity to his work, which alone is wanting to rank it with the finest comic fictions of any age or country.

“The success of my undertaking has justified my judgment. Some apology is due to MR. DICKENS for the liberty taken with him in finishing his work before its time; but the great increase of popularity which it must have received from my putting it on the stage, will, I think, more than excuse a step to which I was urged rather by circumstances than desire. Some injudicious friends of MR. DICKENS, among his brethren of the Press (preserve me from such friends, say I—of course I do not allude to the manly, fair-dealing daily Press, to which I am under the greatest obligations), have chosen to display much soreness at the complete manner in which I have triumphed over all the difficulties I had to encounter in my undertaking. Every wretched mongrel can, I am aware,

dramatise the '*Pickwick Papers*' now that I have shown them how, by closely copying all I have done, as is the case with a low minor theatre in the purlieus of London—*once* respectable; but even the original author will admit that he had never contemplated his matter could have been so compressed, and his incidents put in so connected a form, as they assume in 'SAM WELLER!'—a character, by the bye, which I should think was only an after-conception of its creator, and formed no part of his original projection. MR. DICKENS has by far too much genius to nourish any of the petty feelings evinced by his Fostering friends! whose articles, being those of the High Intellectual Sunday School of Criticism, are greatly too genteel and abstruse for everyday reading, but must be kept for Lord's day examination only! Why these gentry should object to my having dramatised MR. DICKENS I cannot conceive. SIR WALTER SCOTT—a name, I humbly submit, of sufficient merit to be mentioned in the same page with the writer of 'The Pickwick Club,' always looked upon Mr. Pocock's and Mr. Terry's stage versions of those immortal fictions, 'Rob Roy' and 'Ivanhoe,' rather as a compliment than otherwise; and I had undoubted precedent for what I did in the instance of the first dramatic writer of all time—SHAKESPEARE! who has scarcely a play that is not founded on some previous drama, history, chronicle, popular tale, or story. What, then, means the twaddle of these 'high intellectuals' in so pathetically condoling with MR. DICKENS on the penalties he pays for his popularity in being put on the stage? Let these 'high intellectuals' speak to MR. DICKENS's publishers, and they will learn it has rendered them, by increasing their sale, the most fortunate of Chapmen and dealers! It is wasting time to show the absurdity of these addle-pated persons, for their 'blow hot and blow cold' articles are as incomprehensible to themselves as they are to everybody else. In one of them I am, first of all, abused for having sacrilegiously meddled with any of MR. DICKENS's matter, and then abused for not having meddled with it

enough. The reader is told that everybody is pleased with my piece, and is then informed that nobody should be pleased with it. Two or three low scenes between SAM and his father, taken from the original work, are lauded as 'written in a fine spirit of humanity'; while some rather polite dialogues that I have introduced between the ladies are blackguarded by this 'high intellectual' as vulgar trash. MR. PICKWICK is described as 'a rare creature of the elements, far above my comprehension or that of any one else; and I am reproached for not having delineated some delicate touches which, in the same sentence, are asserted to be far too ethereal and deeply hidden for general perception; and the 'high intellectual' winds up by asserting that the drama would be a very good drama if I had not happened to have wrought it."

The ingenuous adaptor, in his exculpatory "advertisement" above quoted, thought fit to say a considerable more about his own merits, and at intervals refreshed himself by fresh and more coarsely abusive venomous onslaughts upon John Forster, whose hand in the *Examiner* had frankly attacked Moncrieff's fustian version according to its deserts. Fulsome praise, at intervals, is showered upon Dickens, the plundered author, but the adaptor goes out of his way to suggest that such admirable writers as William Clarke, Theodore Hook, and Thomas Hood might take example by Boz's phenomenal success, and, in their turn, should favour the public with *their* "Pickwick Papers."

We have given sufficient of Moncrieff's unabashed "advertisement" to illustrate his engaging style of literature; it may be pointed out, in this place, that "the Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society," whose barefaced proceedings—"working in the dark"—gave such well-founded offence to Dickens, was the object of a direct onslaught, which—*apropos* of this excrescence of the dramatic profession—is

introduced into "Nicholas Nickleby." "Moncrieff" was a *nom de plume*, we are informed, the writer's real name being William Thomas.

This gentleman must have recognised the uncomplimentary, unflattering, and candid picture of himself and his work. We find at Crummel's theatrical supper-party, after the stage performance, the dashing youthful hero Nicholas, breaking out into vehement denunciations against the outrageous doings of so-called dramatic adaptors, addressed to one of the most shameless members of that objectionably unscrupulous tribe, who, in the fiction, was supposed to be present in his professional capacity. The very sentiments set down by Moncrieff in his unblushing "advertisement" to his PICKWICKIAN piracy are there thrown in the face of the offender. "There was a literary gentleman present who had dramatised in his time two hundred and forty-seven novels, as fast as they had come out—some of them faster than they had come out—and *was* a literary gentleman in consequence. 'What, dramatise a book?' said the literary gentleman; '*that's* fame—for its author.'" Nicholas, the high-spirited hero of the book, is severe on this simple-minded benefactor of literature, whose principles are those of the highwayman's. "Oh, indeed," he protests. "That's fame, sir," said the literary gentleman. "So Richard Turpin, Tom King, and Jerry Abershaw have handed down to fame the names of those on whom they have committed their most "impudent robberies?" Nicholas goes on to instance Shakespeare, as Moncrieff had ventured in a feebler sense to do in his audacious "advertisement"—as the magician who had embodied traditions and stories in the magic circle of his genius—with a direct application to the dullard capacities of the mongrel depredator. "You drag within the magic circle of your dulness subjects not at all adapted to the purposes of the stage, and debase as he exalted. You take the *un-completed books* of living authors fresh from their hands, wet

from the press ; cut, hack, and carve them to the powers and capabilities of your actors and the capability of your theatres." These righteously indignant outbursts show Dickens's strong powers of smashing offenders by force of stinging invective, further illustrated in his "proclamation" against "piratical hordes" who "looted" his property, after the manner of the freebooting predatory fraternity, sailing under the black flag !

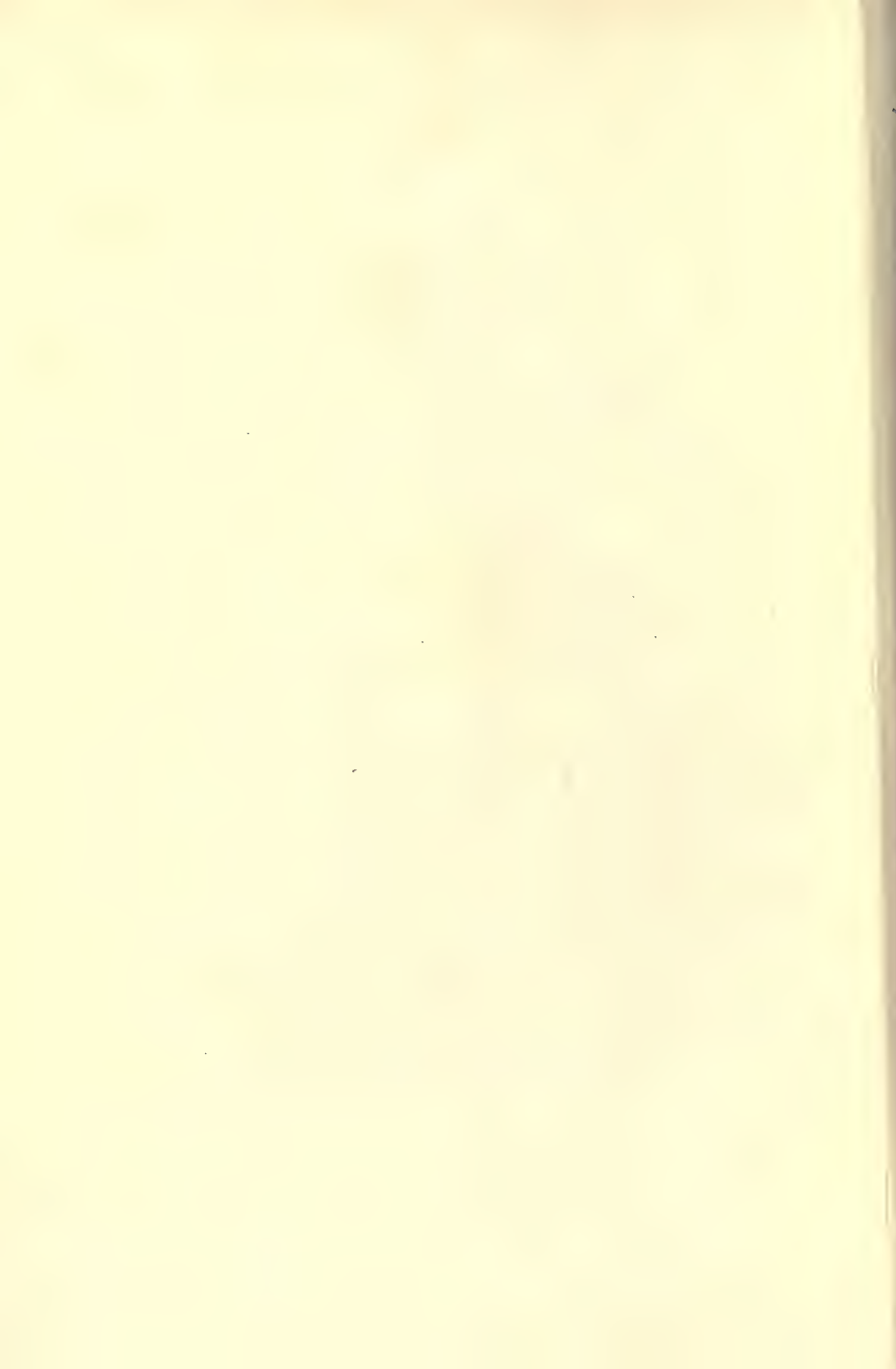




MR. W. J. HAMMOND AS "SAM WELLER."

In the burletta of "The Pickwickians," as performed at the New Strand Theatre, 1837.

Presented with No. 11 of "The Wonder," Sept. 2, 1837.



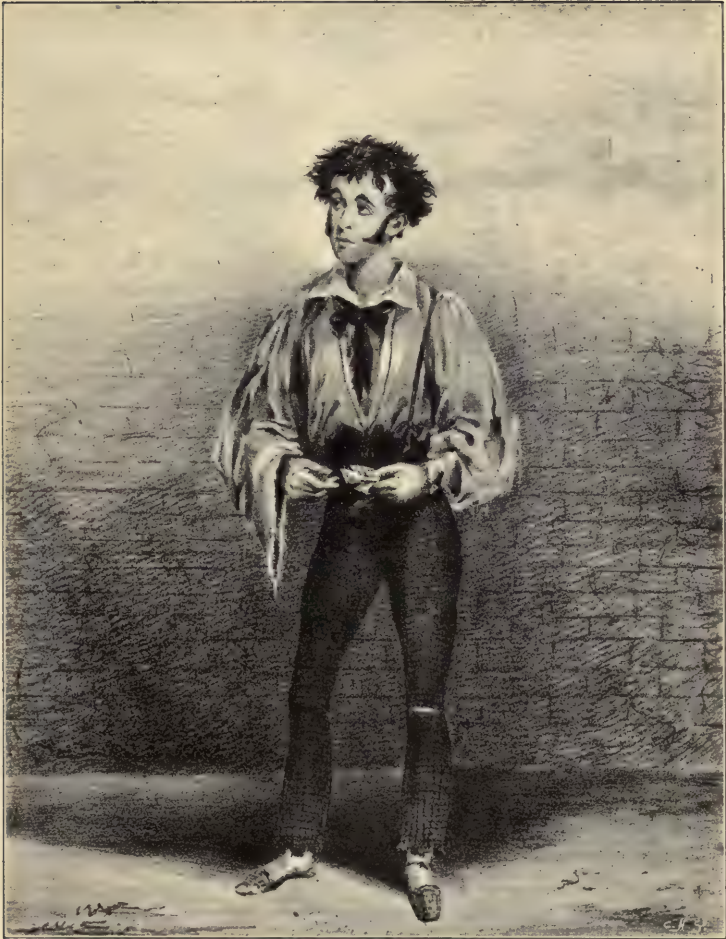


MR. W. J. HAMMOND AS "SAM WELLER."

In the burletta of "The Pickwickians," as performed at the New Strand Theatre, 1837.

"SAM.—'Vot's wery remarkable, the wery next day, at the wery time, and on the wery spot, the coach *vos* upset!'"





MR. J. LEE AS "ALFRED JINGLE."

In the burletta of "The Pickwickians," as performed at the New Strand Theatre, 1837.

"Here's tickets—small sums very."





MR. H. HALL AS "MR. WELLER, SENR."

In the burletta of "The Pickwickians," as performed at the New Strand Theatre, 1837.

"Werry good ; drive on, Samivel."





MR. WILLIAM ATTWOOD IN THE CHARACTER OF "JOB TROTTER."

In the burletta of "Sam Weller; or, The Pickwickians," as performed at the New Strand Theatre.

"Attwood's 'Job Trotter,' in Moncrieff's version of 'The Pickwickians,' is the very man cut from the illustrations of the book and called into life."—*Times*, August 8, 1837.





Bardell v. Pickwick.

Frontispiece to dramatised version of the Trial Scene in "Pickwick."



“BOS ” PIRACIES



“BOS” PIRACIES.

“THE PENNY PICKWICK,” &c.

SMALL libraries of “pirated” versions of the works of the immortal “Boz”—all of a coarse nature, both as to the literary attempts, the wood-cut engravings, and the typographical aspects—were in succession brought out by E. L. Lloyd, 62 Broad Street, Bloomsbury, much to the displeasure, it may be believed, of Dickens and his publishers.

All these plagiarisms were issued as undisguised “colourable imitations” as shortly as possible after the appearance of Dickens’s original parts; the form chosen for the series was founded on the first member of this piratical band, described as “The Penny Pickwick,” by “Bos,” illustrated with roughly engraved wood-cuts, “in Weekly Numbers at One Penny, and Monthly Parts at Fourpence, with Comic Engravings.” (In 112 Numbers. One wood-cut to every four pages.)

“Pickwick in America,” by “Bos,” with engravings by “PHIS,” followed the same order. (In 44 Numbers. One wood-cut to every eight pages.) The illegitimate perquisites brought by the series were too tempting to be lightly relinquished, and the pirated versions were thus extended.

“‘Posthumous Papers of the Cadgers’ Club,’ price One Shilling, containing 16 engravings and 94 pages of closely printed letter-press.” (In 10 Numbers.)

“‘The Posthumous Papers of the Wonderful Discovery Club, formerly of Camden Town. Established by Sir Peter Patson. With eleven illustrations designed by ‘Squib’ and engraved by ‘Point.’ 1838.”

“‘Lloyd’s Everlasting Entertainments; or, Pickwickian Shadows.’ Price only One Penny; three sorts.”

"The Sketch Book by 'Bos' (a coarse imitation or travesty of "Sketches by Boz"), in Penny Numbers and Fourpenny Parts, with Splendid Engravings, or complete in 12 Numbers, containing Seventeen Superior Engravings, price One Shilling."

In their turn "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," &c., upon their respective appearances in monthly parts, were subjected to similar indignities in the piratical and plagiarised "Oliver Twiss," by "Bos," "Nickelas Nickelbery," by "Bos," &c., published under precisely similar auspices.

Our present concern is with imitations, piracies, and plagiarisms of the "Pickwick Papers," as issued contemporaneously with the original editions. Foremost among these spurious productions comes the "Bos" series, the generally responsible offices of editor, proprietor, printer, and publisher being apparently combined in one individual, who can hardly have enjoyed Dickens's good-will.

It may be interesting to set down the daring pretensions of this Cerberus-headed "pirate bold" as unfolded in the first base attempt, the plagiarised Pickwick.

The apology we offer for reprinting these extraordinary "Prefaces" and "Dedications," is that their amazing effrontery is more amusing than the vulgarities of the text, so-called; nor can the cool audacity of "Bos's" final plea be surpassed, when that ingenious "editor" condescended, in the last paragraph of his "Dedication," to casually allude to his own plagiaristic delinquencies. Such colossal impudence is noteworthy!

General title-page to the completed work :—

THE POST-HUMOUROUS NOTES
OF THE
PICKWICKIAN CLUB.
EDITED BY "BOS."

Vol. i. "Illustrated with 120 Engravings."¹

Vol. ii. "Illustrated with 200 Engravings."

¹ According to the statement on the title-pages, but not to actual facts.

The parts appeared in a pictorial wrapper, further used for the frontispieces, here reproduced as a curiosity; strange to say, the wood-cut design has been praised for its ingenuity; an advertisement on the coloured wrapper sets forth:—

PART 1.

PRICE 4D.

THE PENNY PICKWICK,

CONTAINING THE

HUMOROUS ADVENTURES

OF

CHRISTOPHER PICKWICK, ESQ., PERCY TUPNALL, ESQ.,
ARTHUR SNODGREEN, ESQ., MATTHEW WINKLETOP, ESQ.,
&c., &c.

EDITED BY BOS

WITH EIGHT ENGRAVINGS.

Vol. I. contains 432 pages (with two wood-cuts to every eight pages) or 54 parts. Vol. II. (58 parts) contains 452 pages. It must be mentioned that the same wood-cuts were used in both works (“Penny Pickwick” and “Pickwick in America”), in several instances indifferently and utterly regardless of the context.

DEDICATION (VOL. I.).

“TO THE MOST LAUGHTER-LOVING

THE 50,000 SUBSCRIBERS TO THIS

Publication, the Perils, Adventures, Philosophical Researches, and Important Papers of the all-illustrious Christopher Pickwick, Esq., and his learned colleagues, are dedicated by their much obliged and ever faithful servants,

“THE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

“At our Office—

“BROAD STREET, BLOOMSBURY.”

PREFACE TO VOL. I.

“UPON arriving at the termination of this, the first portion of our Pickwickian journey, we deem it a duty incumbent upon us to say a few words in expression of our gratitude to the many thousands who have so cheerfully travelled with us, not only that they may see that we have a proper sense of their patronage and friendship, but that they may also be induced to accompany us in the remainder of our mirthful career.

“UPON the appearance of those shilling Publications which have been productive of so much mirth and amusement, it occurred to us that, while the wealthier classes had their Momus, the poor man should not be debarred from possessing to himself as lively a source of entertainment and at a price consistent with his means ; we therefore took upon ourselves that arduous but cheerful task, and, at an immense risk, sent forth our little volume to the Public. Spite of all the endeavours of petty dunderheads to rob us of our good name, and to prejudice the Public against us, notwithstanding they have tried all that their puny intellects (?) could concoct to crush us, there cannot be a greater proof of the utter uselessness of their miserable attempts, and of our own glorious triumph than in the fact that the present *Weekly Sale of the Penny Pickwick is 50,000 !*

“This is a truth unprecedented in the annals of cheap periodicals ; and we can say, without egotism, that we feel confident that we have not been undeserving the support we have met with. The pages of the PENNY PICKWICK have never been polluted with a sentence that could cause a blush upon the cheek of modesty, and although we acknowledge that we have at times been rather extravagant (as all caricaturists must be), our extravagance has never been characterized by vulgarity, and its sole aim has been to create a broad grin on the face of care.

“It has been reported, by persons who no doubt have an interest in fabricating a statement of the sort, that the PENNY PICKWICK would be complete at the end of the First Volume; this it is almost unnecessary for us to deny, as it is well known that it still appears regularly every week, and will continue to do so while our dearly beloved friends the Public think it meet to bestow their patronage upon us so largely. Until they are tired of laughing at us, we most assuredly shall not grow tired of labouring, as far as in us lies to provide them food for mirth, and can assure them that we have still Pickwickian documents by us that will furnish an almost inexhaustible source of amusement. In addition to this, we have had the honour conferred upon us to be deputed the detailers of the extraordinary adventures of MR. PICKWICK IN AMERICA, which the admirers of that illustrious individual will be able to procure with the PENNY PICKWICK regularly every week!

“With many thanks for past favours, and trusting that we may be found worthy of a continuance of them, we

“Are the Public’s

“Devoted Servant,

“Bos.

“Rose Cottage, St. John’s Wood.”

PREFACE TO VOL. II.

“OUR mighty task is now completed; the immortal and never-dying Annals of the illustrious PICKWICK, and his no less distinguished colleagues and companions are finished! the renowned history which for nearly two years and a half has convulsed the whole world with laughter, is brought to a conclusion, but not till the end of time will the mirth-provoking and extraordinary adventures recorded in these pages be forgotten.

“Reader, we will not ask you whether you have been

satisfied; the unprecedented patronage you have bestowed upon this work is a sufficient proof that you have not only been gratified, but delighted. What must then be our pleasure who have had the glory and honour of transmitting these spirit-stirring incidents to posterity? We cannot do justice to our feelings, nor shall we seek to express them, inasmuch as we consider the amusement we have thus placed in the means of the most humble, is more than repaying the debt of gratitude we owe for the approbation extended to us by the public.

“Gentle readers, thanking you sincerely for the kindness with which you have received our hero, and the manner in which you have condescended to laugh at our singular adventures, receive our cordial farewell and blessing.

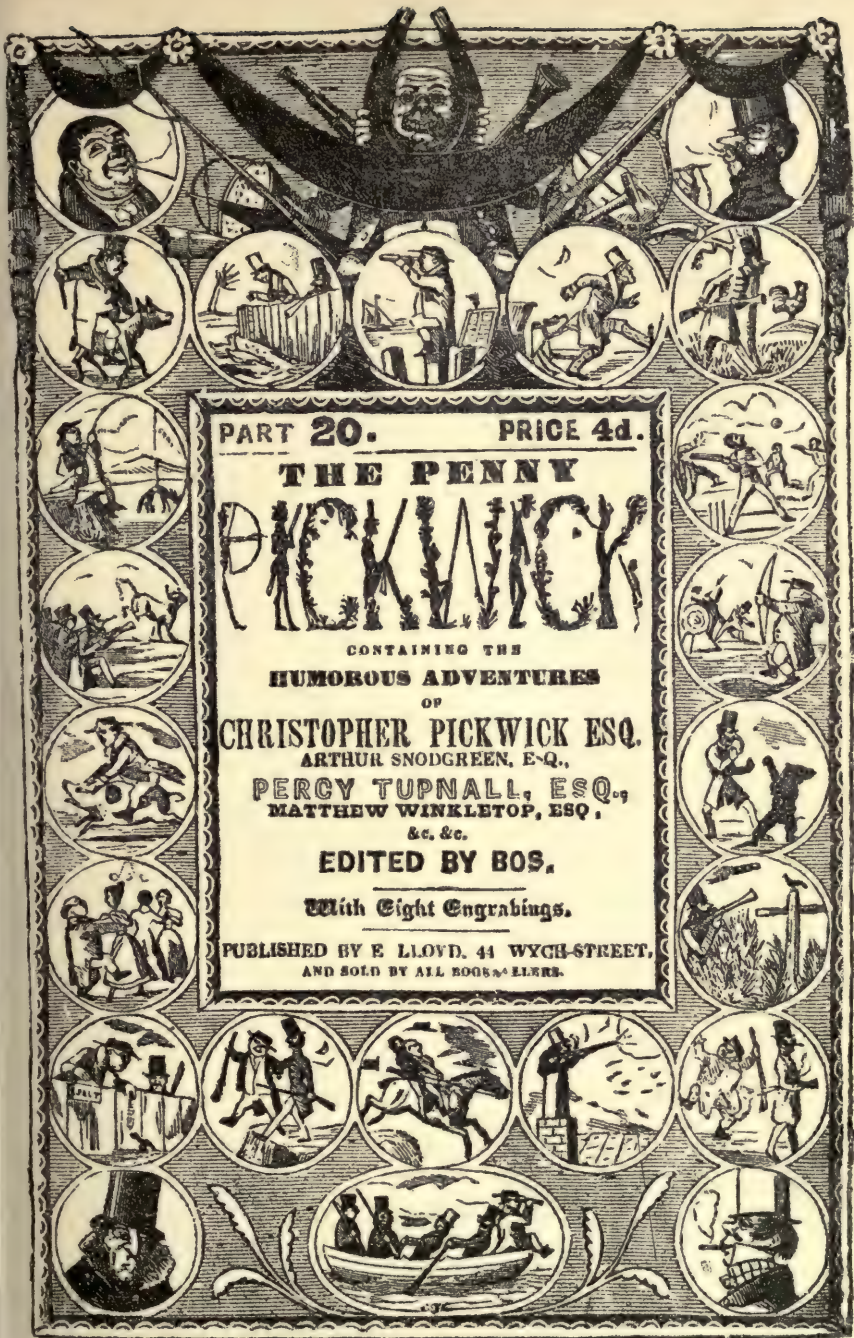
“Bos.”

DEDICATION

“To his best and kindest friends, the Public, ‘Bos’ begs leave to dedicate these chronicles: and sincerely thanks them for having laughed with him throughout so many months, and though they may not illustrate the common saying of ‘laugh and grow fat,’ he trusts that they have *lost* nothing by the perusal of the adventures of the illustrious PICKWICKIANS.

“The chronicler does not deem any apology at all necessary, now that his task is completed, and the voice of public approval convinces him that he has not done that task indifferently; but, if it be urged that he has intruded on the ground of another, he humbly submits, that every author has a right to take a popular subject, and, as he has used none other but *his own materials*, he does not fear but that an impartial jury, instead of considering that he has wilfully *murdered* the subject, will return a verdict of *justifiable homicide*.

“Bos.”



PART 20.

PRICE 4d.

**THE PENNY
PICKWICK**

CONTAINING THE
HUMOROUS ADVENTURES
OF

CHRISTOPHER PICKWICK ESQ.

ARTHUR SNODGREEN, E-Q.,

PERCY TUPNALL, ESQ.,

MATTHEW WINKLETOP, ESQ.,

&c. &c.

EDITED BY BOS.

With Eight Engravings.

PUBLISHED BY E. LLOYD, 44 WYCH-STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



THE PENNY

PICKWICK

EDITED BY "BOS."



CHAP. I.

THE READER INTRODUCED TO THE PICKWICKIANS—MR. PICKWICK'S ELOQUENT SPEECH.

Previous to the year 1817, the science of this sublunary world was of that narrow and circumscribed description, that it might be looked upon merely as a small rushlight, glimmering in a dark lantern, shedding but a flickering beam upon the illiterate inhabitants. It rested with one man to dissipate that dulness—to open the channels of human knowledge—to expand the rushlight of intellectual research

into the full blaze and overwhelming brilliancy of the gas-light of wisdom, and to hand down a name to future generations, that must completely efface that of Sir Isaac Newton, and many other tolerable philosophers from the book of memory.

The "Light of other days," faded away, the lanterns of the Charlies of the night were extinguished; to them succeeded the bull's eyes of the Peellers; the gas blazed in every shop window—upon every lamp post—nay—it even extended its effulgent rays from the gin palace to the church steeple—and from

No. 1.

Specimen page of First Number.



“PICKWICK IN AMERICA”

“Pickwick in America”—of which we have reproduced the wrapper design, as engraved on wood, and the first page, with its engraving of the Pickwickians in council over the project of their contemplated American tour—was produced under the same auspices as the “Penny Pickwick,” and made its appearance simultaneously with the issue of the commencement of the second volume of that spurious fabrication. As has been mentioned, the work in question was produced in weekly penny numbers and fourpenny monthly parts. There are forty-four monthly numbers, but, with a view to further profit, the number of wood-cut illustrations, evidently the most expensive part of the production, was reduced by half; thus, while the “Penny Pickwick” offered its readers two wood-cuts to every eight pages, the version of “Pickwick in America” gave but one block to the same number of pages. As has been stated, the publisher effected a further saving by occasionally making the same blocks serve for both works indifferently, with perplexing results: the “Penny Pickwick” illustrations appeared in the American adventures, and, even more surprising, the American “specialities”—with plenty of “Darkies”—eked out the concluding portion of the “Penny Pickwick.”

The title-page of this edifying work is as follows:—

PICKWICK IN AMERICA!

DETAILING ALL THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF THAT
ILLUSTRIOUS INDIVIDUAL, AND HIS LEARNED COMPANIONS
IN THE UNITED STATES.

EXTRAORDINARY JONATHANISMS COLLECTED BY MR. SNODGRASS,
AND
THE SAYINGS, DOINGS, AND MEMS
OF
THE FACETIOUS SAM WELLER.

EDITED BY "BOS."

ILLUSTRATED BY FORTY-SIX FINE ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY E. LLOYD, 62 BROAD STREET,
BLOOMSBURY.

As in the instance of its predecessor, the "Penny Pickwick," the editor has exhausted his originality, and borrowed characters and situations freely from the "Pickwick Papers" with a reckless coolness of appropriation unaccountable in our days of "Copyright Laws" and legal restrictions.

The preface is brief and less entertainingly impudent than in the instance of the “Penny Pickwick” already given.

PREFACE

“Ladies and Gentlemen, who have so liberally condescended to laugh through the adventures of the renowned Mr. Pickwick, and his no less renowned colleagues, in the UNITED STATES, ‘Bos’ requests of you to join him in a farewell ebullition of mirth upon the happy occasion of those worthy scions of Momus being once more *united* to you in Good Old England; trusting that no longer in *America*, you will find them in *A merry key*, in this their Native Soil! The Editor is certain that, although the illustrious Pickwickians have been *abroad*, you have all ever found them, and will continue long to find them *at home*! The eagerness with which you have come forward to purchase their doings and sayings, assures him that his task has been a grateful one, and he is happy in having achieved his duty so much to your satisfaction.

“With many acknowledgments for the flattering manner in which you have patronised his exertions to make public the extraordinary adventures of this ever remarkable Club, the Editor begs leave most respectfully to subscribe himself,

“The Public’s Grateful Servant,

“Bos.”

The spurious “Bos,” it has been seen, while admitting that he had “intruded on the ground of another,” asserted that as an author he had a right to help himself to a popular subject, but professed boldly “that he had used none other but *his own materials*.” As an example of the “originality” claimed for this extraordinary plagiarism, we give just a specimen paragraph from the real “Boz,” placed beside a similar paragraph from his piratical imitator, selected from “Pickwick in America.”

SAM WELLER AND THE PRETTY HOUSEMAID SHAKING AND
FOLDING CARPETS

DICKENS'S "PICKWICK
PAPERS"

"It is not half as innocent a thing as it looks, that shaking little pieces of carpet—at least, there may be no great harm in the shaking, but the folding is a very insidious process. So long as the shaking lasts, and the two parties are kept the carpet's length apart, it is as innocent an amusement as can well be devised; but when the folding begins, and the distance between them gets gradually lessened from one-half its former length to a quarter, and then to an eighth, and then to a sixteenth, and then to a thirty-second, if the carpet be long enough: it becomes dangerous. We do not know, to a nicety, how many pieces of carpet were folded in this instance, but we can venture to state that, as many pieces as there were, so many times did Sam kiss the pretty housemaid."

"PICKWICK IN AMERICA"
(PLAGIARISED VERSION)

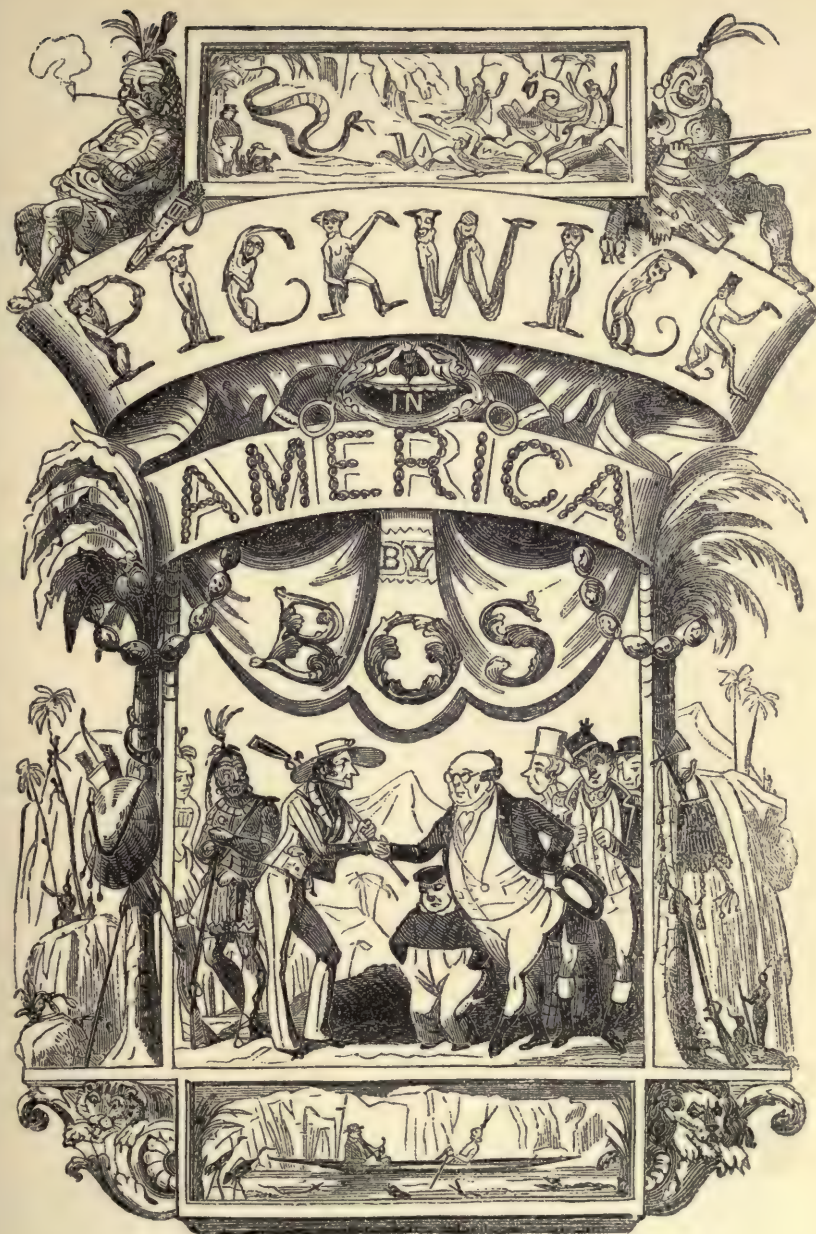
"Simple and innocent as it may appear to some persons, there is something more insidious in the process of shaking carpets, when the actors in it are a male and a female, than may be conceived by persons who have not devoted much attention to these matters. At least, although the shaking may not be very dangerous, as the two persons so engaged are kept a respectful distance from each other while that lasts, but when it comes to the folding of the said carpet or carpets, there the simplicity and innocence gradually diminishes with the length of the carpets, and as the parties get drawn closer together. So it happened with Mr. Weller and the handsome maid upon the occasion of which we are writing, and we can venture to assert, that as many pieces of carpet as were shook and folded, so many times did the lips of Sam Weller and his pretty companion meet together."

DICKENS ON PIRACIES OF "PICKWICK"

It may be enquired how these impudent, unblushing thefts affected Dickens? On the whole "Boz" bore with tolerable equanimity these dreadful perversions of his own works, which replaced what was youthful hilarity and the effervescence of high spirits in "Pickwick" by low-bred horseplay and downright bathos. All that was vivacious in Dickens became irreclaimably vulgar in the imitations. Doubtless "the Inimitable" was badly hurt by the distressing and obviously hopeless coarseness of these plagiarisms, and in private probably delivered his vexed soul thereon with unmistakable directness and emphasis. For instance, he was found writing to his friendly adviser—John Forster—from Broadstairs, on 7th September, 1837, concerning one of the many piracies of "PICKWICK," the marauder of which had distinguished himself beyond the rest of the piratical horde by a preface abusive of the unfortunate writer plundered, and whose best characters and situations were maimed and maltreated by this malefactor:—"I recollect," wrote 'Boz,' "this 'member of the Dramatic Authors' Society' bringing an action once against Chapman, who rented the City Theatre, in which it was proved that he had undertaken to write under special agreement seven melodramas for five pounds, to enable him to do which a room had been hired in a gin-shop close by. The defendant's plea was that the plaintiff was always drunk, and had not fulfilled his contract. Well, if the 'PICKWICK' has been the means of putting a few shillings in the vermin-eaten pockets of so miserable a creature, and has saved him from a workhouse or jail, let him empty out his little pot of filth, and welcome. I am quite content to have been the means of relieving him. Besides, he seems to have suffered by agreements."¹

¹ The concluding allusion was a grimly playful reference to the sufferings Dickens himself had recently undergone, owing to certain agreements into which he had incautiously entered, before his writings became famous; engagements entailing heavy penalties and sacrifices, both in purse, and in mental wear and tear, before the novelist, aided by the business-like acumen of his friend John Forster, was enabled to effect his release from the hands of the despoilers and hard task-masters in question.





Published by E. Lloyd, 62 Broad Street, Bloomsbury.
Wrapper and Frontispiece to the pirated "Pickwick in America."



PICKWICK

IN

AMERICA.

EDITED BY "BOS."



Mr. Pickwick informing his friends of his intended trip to America.

CHAP. I.

A STATEMENT OF THE REASONS THAT INDUCED MR. PICKWICK, AFTER THE LAPSE OF FOUR YEARS, TO BREAK FROM HIS RETIREMENT AT DULWICH, AND TO RESOLVE TO UNDERTAKE ONE OF THE MOST PERILOUS VOYAGES IT WAS EVER HIS FATE TO FIGURE IN.—A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DOMESTIC EELICITY OF MR. SAMUEL WELLER.—

No. 1.

HIS NOBLE RESOLUTION, AND SAGACIOUS OPINIONS OF THE PROJECTED ADVENTURES.—OLD FRIENDS ONCE MORE BROUGHT UPON THE STAGE OF THIS REMARKABLE HISTORY.

It was on one of the most beautiful mornings that ever the month of June produced, when the air was filled with the fragrance of innumerable flowers, and the cheeks of every pedestrian were in a most felicitous state of perspiration, resembling so many delicate rump-

PICKWICK ABROAD ; OR, THE TOUR IN FRANCE

BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS

Author of "The Modern Literature of France," "Alfred de Rosann," &c.

THE most important of the plagiaristic so-called "continuations" of the 'Pickwick Papers' was the production of G. W. M. Reynolds, author of several improving works, a novelist who was at that time largely interested in everything French, and had more particularly resided in Paris, where he claimed to have spent ten years anterior to the appearance of "Pickwick Abroad" in the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time carried on under his editorship. In this performance the enterprising George W. M. Reynolds was assisted, at the start, by the artistic collaboration of his friend, Alfred Crowquill, who had already realised the advantages to be secured by timely working the "Pickwick" mine of wealth and fame, producing "without your leave" month by month, and also bi-monthly, forty successive plates of "Pickwick" illustrations contemporaneously with the publication of the original work, on its first issue in monthly parts; thus, while the initial issue of the "Pickwick Papers" appeared in twenty parts, Crowquill had produced two octavo plates, filled with "Pickwickian" characters and incidents, portrayed according to that artist's theories, for the extra-illustration of each successive number directly it made its appearance. Of his capabilities for the post to which Crowquill aspired, the forty octavo plates of illustrations, which appeared as described, are evidence in point; this series is reproduced in our first volume. It must be added that Alfred Crowquill—as an aspiring youth of parts

filled with literary and artistic ambitions, and enjoying considerable popularity in his own generation—had formed one of the little group of “likely hands,” who were ready and willing to write up to Seymour’s designs, and to furnish forth the narrative framework to connect those suites of sporting delineations which were popularly recognised as “Seymour’s Sketches.” In his artistic capacity, Crowquill was equally solicitous of being employed as the “Pickwick” designer. Failing to secure the post of “chorus” to the pictures of the original “Nimrod Club,” as projected by the ill-starred Seymour, Crowquill was commissioned to write up to that fertile artist’s more extensive series of earlier designs, sporting comicalities, subsequently collected in one series, and sent forth to the world as “Seymour’s Sketches.” It is fair to infer that the “Nimrod Club” under Crowquill’s editorship would have resembled the “Seymour Sketches” later issued under similar auspices, and have excited no more interest in the world of letters than did the suite to which Crowquill’s name is attached. “Boz,” with his original genius, carried the public by storm, and, as was the reasonable procedure, the pictures were distinctly subordinated to the literature; the mediocre talents of Crowquill only succeeded in accomplishing the narrower purpose of the publishers; small interest was excited in his letter-press, and his versions never arrived at the glory of bewitching the wide world, as was the fortune of “that lucky fellow ‘Boz.’”

The passing reputation which Alfred Forrester, as “Crowquill,” had secured by his temerity in rushing in, as an unsolicited and “free-lance” recorder of his artistic impressions of the “Pickwick Papers” in 1836 and 1837, doubtless in a measure emboldened him to make further and more extended incursions into Dickens’s domain, and amongst the *PERSONALIA* of the “Pickwickian” cohort.

Probably the collaboration of a year later—when the plagiaristic “Pickwick Abroad” made its first appearance in the old *Monthly Magazine*—was largely due, as to its in-

ception, to “the illustrator”; the piracy thus far, and in this respect only, resembling its prototype and illustrious predecessor, of which it claimed to be the sequel. Crowquill began with spirit, but, as the story-teller got his subject in hand, the growing interest of the narrative somewhat discounted the importance at first attaching to the pictorial embellishments. At all events, it is clear, from the “programme” set forth by the author, that considerable consequence was at first attached to the etched steel plates by Crowquill, but this confidence was not enduring, for, as the parts “caught on” and the narrative expanded, before the work was half published the task of illustrating Reynolds’s text was entrusted to another hand, John Phillips. Thus, after the course of “Pickwick Abroad” running through the pages of the old *Monthly*, as at that time under G. W. M. Reynolds’s editorship, the monthly parts, of thirty-two pages, beginning January, 1839, made their appearance in a characteristic pictorial wrapper drawn on wood by Alfred Crowquill; and, later on, the complete work, in one stout volume (628 pages), was issued, with a preface by George W. M. Reynolds, dated August, 1839; advertised as illustrated with forty-one steel engravings by Alfred Crowquill and John Phillips, and with thirty-three wood-cuts by Bonner.

The “opinions of the press” during the original development of “Pickwick Abroad” in the old *Monthly Magazine* were various, but on the whole fairly complimentary; the Pickwickian “Tour in France” was described as “a very respectable continuation of the original,” *Morning Advertiser*, April 5, 1838; the *Weekly Dispatch* averred that “the author has hit off much of the original humour of ‘Boz,’ and shows what Mr. Pickwick would have been had his courage led him to encounter the perils of travelling the continent.”

Another paper remarks, in opposition to certain unfavourable animadversions: “The author, Mr. Reynolds, makes no concealment of his name. *He professes no piracy, and if he can creditably amuse the public by spiritedly carrying on the*

Pickwick fancy as it may please himself, he will only add to the fame of his eminent original, without detracting from his own. . . . The embellishments are in Crowquill's best style."

The *Naval and Military Gazette* gave an equally encouraging notice: "Whatever may be the legitimate 'right and title of Mr. Reynolds to assume the mantle of Master 'Boz,' we are bound to confess it hangs gracefully on his shoulders. For our own part, we never should have thought of going 'abroad' in quest of Pickwickian adventures; but, whether 'abroad or at home,' Mr. R. has done precisely what we should have done, had we been requested to fabricate a Pickwickian drama for one of her Majesty's theatres. Instead of exhibiting the original at second-hand, and in a mutilated form, he has introduced us to scenes altogether novel and extraordinary; and, not contented with merely presenting *old* acquaintances in *new* situations, he has brought forward new characters as strikingly *sui generis* as any that 'Boz' himself has produced. Thus 'Pickwick in France' has all the individuality and raciness of an original conception. Mr. Reynolds has an able coadjutor in Alfred Crowquill, whose sketches are full of life and spirit."

The most complimentary paragraph appeared in the *Dublin Pilot*: "Since 'Boz' has ceased to delight us by a periodical issue of humour and truth, we have met with nothing so amusing as the continuation of the adventures of his heroes under the title of 'Pickwick Abroad.' If the name of G. W. M. Reynolds did not stand upon the title-page, we should be induced to believe that the identical Cid Hamet Benengili, who introduced us to the immortal Club, had taken up his pen again to chronicle some more of their sayings and doings. All who feel anxious for the future fortunes of the Pickwickians must seek information of their whereabouts from those pleasant sketches."

"'Pickwick Abroad,' wrote the *Observer*, "continues its delineations of character and recital of droll and amusing

incidents. By conveying the *coterie* to France the author has secured that new and vast theatre for the display of their peculiar oddities, and an opportunity of contrasting in a mirthful way the notions and manners of the rival nations.”

Although acknowledging that his work was built on another man’s foundation, in his preface the author congratulates himself upon the success of his venture; all the world had read the adventures of Mr. Pickwick in England, and the public were eager to learn more about the ultimate proceedings of the immortal Club.

Reynolds has treated his readers to a scrap of interesting “Pickwick” bibliography:—

“Many other works, in a similar strain, and advertised to be published in a similar form, were issued from the press at about the same time; but, in spite of the announcement ‘that they were to be completed in twenty numbers,’ they died of pure inanition one after another. A partial feeling of satisfaction and pride cannot therefore be blamed in the author of ‘Pickwick Abroad,’ when he contemplates the successful termination of his labours in the twenty parts to which no other imitator of the ‘immortal Boz’ has yet attained.”

Like Dickens’s own revival of the *personalia* of his “Pickwick Club” in the opening chapters of “Master Humphrey’s Clock,” the author of the Pickwickian adventures in France has deliberately set himself the task of reintroducing the familiar *coterie*, under the conception that there were readers innumerable who were still warmly interested in the Pickwickian worthies, and willing to welcome the reappearance of those old friends on whom the curtain had descended, all too soon for many tastes, at the close of the “Pickwick Papers,” universally relished.

As germane to our subject of “Pickwick” imitators and “continuations” so styled, it is felt that Reynolds’s “Argument,” prefaced to his opening chapter of this alleged “continuation,” will be interesting in this connection.

Preface affixed to the first appearance of Part I. of "Pickwick Abroad" in the *Monthly Magazine*, Edited by
G. W. M. Reynolds.

PICKWICK ABROAD;

OR,

THE TOUR IN FRANCE.

A series of Papers compiled from the private notes and memoranda of Samuel Pickwick, Esq.

"TO THE READER

"The 'immortal Boz' has done so much to render the public familiar with the characters and adventures of some of the most remarkable men of the present day—viz., Mr. Pickwick and his followers—that it is only with extreme diffidence a new historian has ventured to continue the lives of those extraordinary individuals. But short and to the purpose be the introduction to these Memoirs.

"A few months ago I called upon MR. PICKWICK at his house in Dulwich; and from certain circumstances—such as the appearance of a number of trunks and parcels in the hall, each bearing a label with the following words marked upon it, '*Monsieur, Monsieur PICKWICK, Voyageur de Paris à Londres*'—I immediately inferred that the object of my visit was just returned from a continental tour. Nor was I mistaken in my supposition. The founder of the 'Pickwick Club,' which now exists no longer, had violated the promise he had some time since made to himself, and had voluntarily deviated from that tranquil mode of life it was his intention to adopt when his first biographer, 'Boz,' took leave of him. In fact, he had, with that noble disregard for danger and difficulty, and that spirit of enterprise and perseverance, which

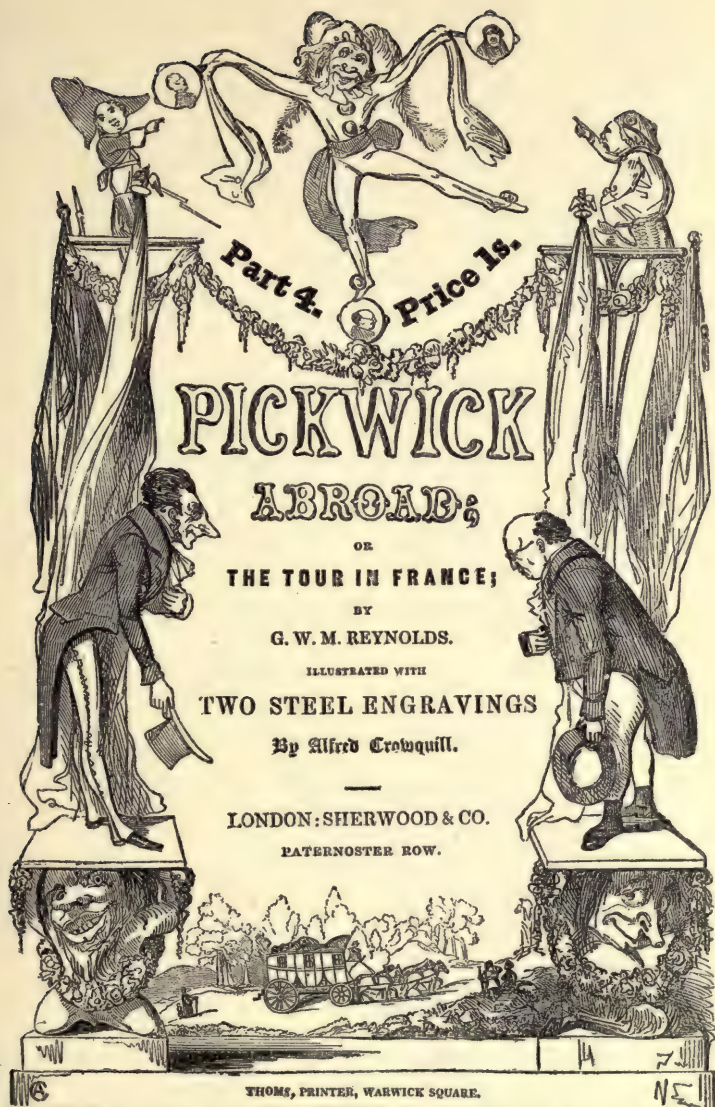
formed such prominent traits in the character of this extraordinary man, undertaken a journey to Paris—had actually resided some time in the sovereign city of France—and, reckless of fatigue, had retraced his steps at the termination of a certain period, by means of diligence, steam-packet, and coach, to his classic abode at Dulwich.

“Without fatiguing the reader with an elaborate description of the astonishment I naturally experienced at the boldness of this idea, the certainty that it had been followed up, and the uncompromising courage of him who had carried it into effect—an idea that prompted him to leave his own fireside and risk the perils of the ocean, the chance of being overturned in a diligence, and the probability of finding himself in a nation of anthropophagi in the guise of human beings—without dwelling on this subject, fearful lest the eulogies I offer to my friend might be deemed the dictates of partiality and blind adoration—I shall merely state that the note-book, and the *memoranda* of the illustrious Pickwick were placed at my disposal, and that it has become my happy fate to succeed the no less immortal ‘Boz’ as the biographer of one of the most extraordinary men the present or any other age has produced.

“In order to do meet justice to the memory of the individual whose adventures I am called upon to relate, I have associated with me in the delightful, though somewhat difficult task, my friend ALFRED CROWQUILL. It is mine to edit, and his to illustrate; the biographical memoirs of which I now present the First Part to the reader, and which, according to minutest calculation, will afford sufficient materials to enable me to continue the sketches through twenty numbers of the *Monthly Magazine*.

“In conclusion, gentle reader, allow me to remark that if the talented ‘Boz’ have not chosen to enact the part of Mr. Pickwick’s biographer in his continental tour it is not my fault. The field was open to him who had so well and so successfully traced the progress of that great man during

his travels in England; and as it is now my destiny to compile and put in order the notes taken by him abroad, and reduce them to a systematic narrative, I cannot do otherwise than pledge myself for the sincerity and impartiality with which I shall present each Number of that important work to the public."



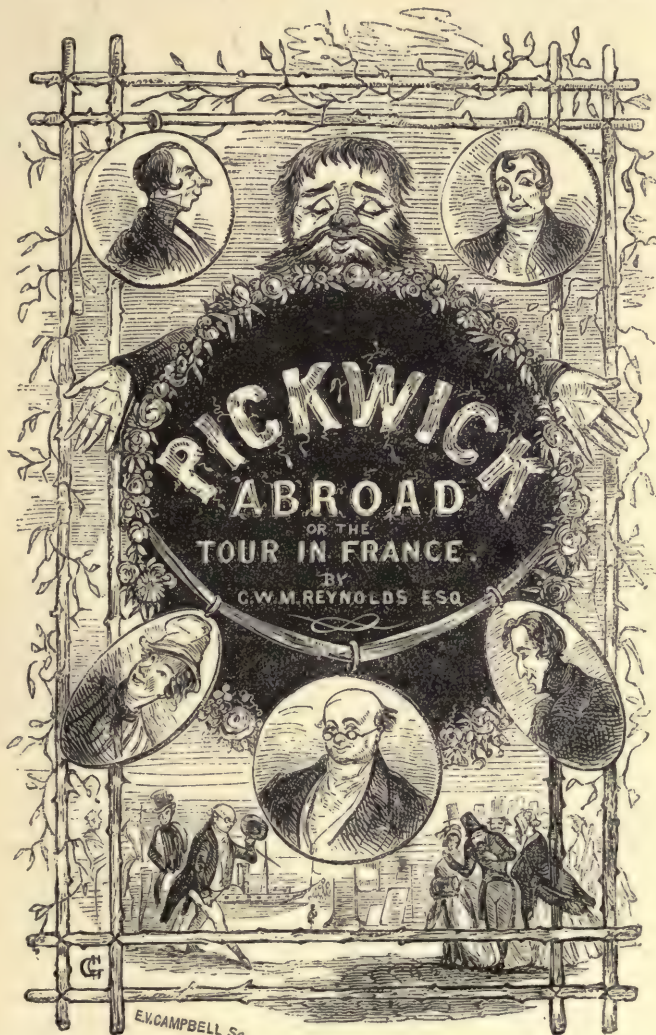
Sold by Heywood, Oldham Street, Manchester; W. Cooper, and J. Mansell, Union Street, Birmingham; Smith, Scotland Place, Liverpool; W. Hickling, and Weatherill, Coventry; Thorley, Bath; and W. H. Smith, Crescent, Cambridge. Also by Tegg and Co., Dublin; Griffin and Co., Glasgow.



PART III.

JULY.

PRICE 6d.



LONDON:
WILLOUGHBY & CO., 8, AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.



PICKWICK ABROAD
or the
TOUR IN FRANCE;
BY G.W.M. REYNOLDS.



THE RETURN TO DULWICH.

"'MIDST PLEASURES AND PALACES THO' WE MAY ROAM,
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Popular Song.

London.

Title-page to "Pickwick Abroad."



THE PICKWICK GAZETTE

("A WEEKLY REGISTER OF THE PICKWICKIAN PROCEEDINGS")

No. 3. Published July 1, 1837.

[A sheet of 4 pages (13 × 10).]

The headline of title, and illustrations by

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

The nature of this avowedly Pickwickian organ, true to its advertised intentions, may be gathered from the contents of No. 3, consisting of four pages. Page 1 has been reproduced in facsimile on a smaller scale.

ODE TO QUEEN VICTORIA—BY MR. WINKLE.

MR. PICKWICK'S VISIT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

SAM WELLER'S HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

PICKWICK AT THE (QUEEN'S) PROCLAMATION

(Her Majesty's Proclamation at Temple Bar, the gate of the City.)

SAM WELLER'S ADVICE TO SIR JOHN CONROY.

PICKWICKIAN THEATRICALS

(Sam Weller's Notes, and Tupman on the Strand Theatre).



THE



Bos in Hecub.—LATIN GRAMMAR.

NO. 3.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1837.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



MR. PICKWICK AT THE COFFEE-SHOP.
(See No. 1.)

So great has been the sensation excited in the public mind by the appearance of a weekly register of the Pickwickian proceedings, that something less than two million copies of the "Pickwick Gazette" have already been circulated. Deeply impressed with the power of public admiration, and grateful for the interest shown in the result of their labours, the managers of the publication have thought it not unwise to evince their gratitude in return, by empowering Mr.



MR. PICKWICK'S ESCAPE FROM THE COFFEE-SHOP.
(See No. 1.)

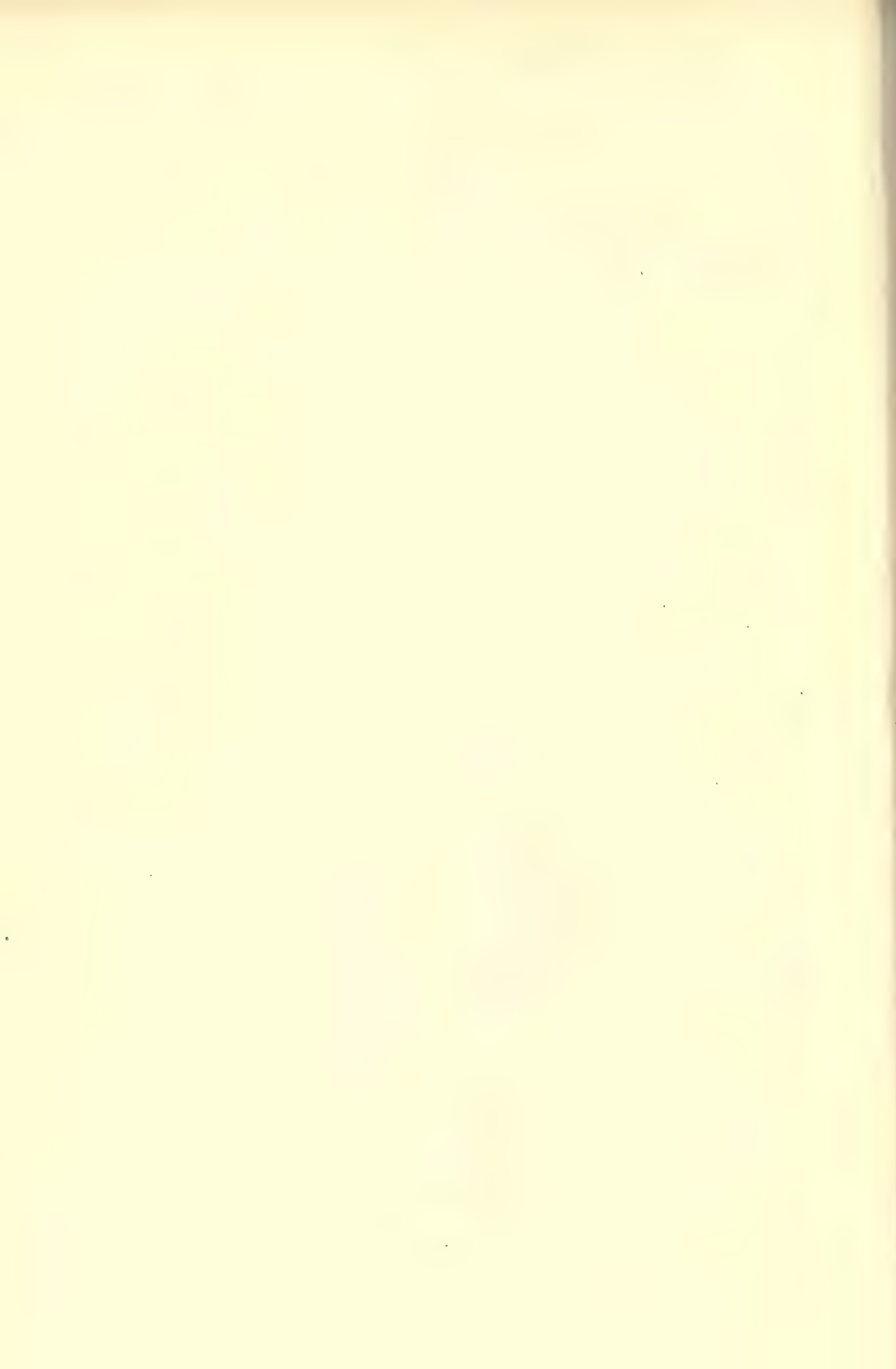
Robert Cruikshank, an artist witty, if not too wise, to illustrate that number; and the two engravings which ornament the present page, are, we trust, sufficient evidence of the skill and humour with which he has applied himself to the pleasing task. Encouraged by public sympathy and public praise, the Pickwickians will proceed in their labours, improving their "Gazette" in quality as it increases in its circulation.

Vol. 1

J. Andrews, Holywell-street, Strand.

The Pickwick Gazette, reduced from the original sheet, 13 x 10.

Published June and July, 1837.





THE PICKWICK SONGSTER

PART II.

The Mummy
 The Pickwick Ago
 Jigreee
 Hey for Old Bacchus
 Happy Days
 I Wonder if He's Single
 Moder Natur make a World
 A Jew bath the Heart of a Man
 Katty Looney.
 Single Young Man Lodger
 He who can't my meaning Spy
 Bill Jones
 Celebrated Quartette
 Shepherd's Evening Bell
 Fair Genevieve
 Ladies of our Native Land
 Exile's Farewell
 Jessy on a Bank
 Sam Weller's Review of Con-
 certs, Songs, and Singers—1.
 To Correspondents
 Sich a gittin up Stairs
 God Bless the Queen of England
 Cockney Courtship
 The Willow Tree
 Oh, C-rkey! Oh, Good Gracious
 Oh, Hush
 Rose of Jersey
 The Young Courier with his
 Silver Bells
 The Castle's Lady
 The Knight with the Azure
 Plume
 Hurrah for a London Road
 The Woodland Maid
 A Loyalty Man
 Dark Eyed Maid of Palestine
 By the Clear Waters
 Sam Weller's Review of Con-
 certs, Songs, and Singers—2.
 To Correspondents

Absence of Mind
 Lady Alda's Dre am
 Teddy Malone
 I'm Queen of a Fairy Band
 The Wine Cup
 The Raccoon
 The War Cry is Sounding
 A Night's Pleasure
 Tyrolean Echo Song
 The Normandy Maid
 Fell Revenge
 Days gone by
 Clar de Kitchen
 The Veteran to his Son
 Sam Weller's Review of Con-
 certs, Songs, and Singers—3.
 Notice to Correspondents
 The Fat Boy
 The Night before the Bridal
 The Soldier who died for his
 Queen,
 Oh, what can Compare with a
 Gypsy's Life
 A Hundred Years Ago
 The Old Man and the Child
 The Lass of Littlefield Town
 Oh, 'tis Ginn
 The Felon
 Victoria's the Queen of the
 Free
 Sophia is most Fair
 The Crossing Sweepers La-
 ment
 The Charming Woman
 Good Mornin Ladies All
 The Englishman
 The Moss Rose
 I'm not a Maiden now
 Sam Weller's Review of Con-
 certs, Songs, and Singers—4.
 To Correspondents



London:
 PUBLISHED BY S. ROBINS, 17, BARBICAN,
 AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



THE PICKWICK

Songster.

EDITED BY SAM WELLER.



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The Fat Boy.

An Entire new Comic Song, written by Mr. T. PRIST, and sung by Mr. HOWELL.

AIR—"Miseries of Living up Five Pair of Stairs."

My name's Joey Blubber, you've all heard o' me,

In a vork called the "Pickwick," so famed, d'ye see?

I'm called the "Fat Boy," and I'm now all the rage—

No. 8. VOL. I.

Cos I veights twenty stun, and am twelvo years of age!

Felks knock me about, just as they do skittles,

Cos I a purpensity has for good wittuls— But all as I eats does me good, and in truth, You must own, I am really a promising youth.

Then grant but your smiles, and my hopes don't destroy,

'Tis all that's requested by Joe, the Fat Boy!





The Pickwickian Envelope.
Parody of the "Mulready Postal Envelope."

W. C. W.

PORTRAITS OF THE PICKWICK
CHARACTERS.

1837.

Twelve wood-cut portraits, signed W. C. W.

First published in "SAM WELLER'S Pickwick Jest Book," in
penny numbers; afterwards in a weekly paper

The Casket, in twopenny numbers.

Both series published by BEGER & Co., Holywell Street;
and PIGOTT & Co., Fleet Street.

1837.

THE BEAUTIES OF PICKWICK.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

SAM WELLER.

“From grave to gay—from lively to severe.”

PRICE TWOPENCE.

LONDON :

Published by W. MORGAN, 266, Strand.

1838.

PARK'S ORIGINAL STAGE TRICKS.

Sheet of Stage Transformation Tricks.

WARREN'S BLACKING JAR (transformation trick) turns
into SAM WELLER.

LONDON :

Sold by A. PARK, 47, Leonard Street, Finsbury, London.

THE CASKET OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
AND ENTERTAINMENT.

PORTRAITS OF THE PICKWICK CHARACTERS.

SAM WELLER.

MR. PICKWICK.

MR. WELLER.

MRS. WELLER.

MISS RACHAEL WARDLE.

STIGGINS.

OLD MRS. WELLER.

MR. WINKLE.

OLD WARDLE.

BEN ALLEN.

BOB SAWYER.

DR. SLAMMER.

THE FAT BOY.

TUPMAN.

1840.

BELL'S LIFE GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

which have appeared from time to time in that popular
Sporting Sunday Paper, "*Bell's Life in London*."

FEATURES OF A DEBTOR'S PRISON:

- NO. 1. THE BILL DISCOUNTER—NO EFFECTS.
2. THE GENTLEMEN IN DIFFICULTY AT BOULOGNE.
3. THE MAN IN POSSESSION.
4. THE JEW BAILIFF.
5. THE SWELL COVE OUT OF LUCK.
6. THE TURNKEY.
7. THE POOR PRISONER.
8. THE KEEPER OF THE WHISTLING SHOP.
9. THE INSOLVENT PREPARING TO GO TO COURT.
10. THE ATTORNEY OF THE INSOLVENT COURT.
11. RESPONSIBLE BAIL.
12. THE OPPOSING CREDITOR.

TIDDY DOLL.

Published Weekly—Price One Penny.

A long wood-cut heading; with Buildings in the centre (Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, and the Monument). The City arms underneath. Groups of figures on either side, including Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller.

About 1837.

MR. PICKWICK'S
COLLECTION OF SONGS.

[With roughly-engraved wood-cut,
covering about three-fourths of the
front page, of

MR. TATES AS "MR. PICKWICK."]

SMEETON, printer, 74, Tooley Street.

About 1837.

SAM WELLER'S
FAVORITE SONG-BOOK.

[With roughly-engraved wood-cut,
covering about three-fourths of the
front page, of

MR. HAMMOND AS "SAM WELLER."]

SMEETON, printer, 74, Tooley Street.

SAM WELLER'S

PICKWICK JEST-BOOK.

1837.

THE LONDON
SINGER'S MAGAZINE.

2 vols., 8vo.

Published by T. DUNCOMBE, N.D.
Illustrated by R. CRUIKSHANK, T.
JONES, FINDLAY, etc.

Among contents :

"The Fat Boy" (*with illustration*).
"Sam Weller's Adventures: A
Song of the Pickwickians, as sung at
Pickwick Club, Long Acre" (*illus-
trated with an engraving*).

Circa 1839.

Another copy,—a different issue.
Songs and illustrations differ.

THE PICKWICK COMIC
ALMANACK FOR 1838.

Containing Sam Weller's Diary of
Fun and Pastime, and Twelve Comic
Engravings by R. CRUIKSHANK. Post
8vo. wrappers, sewn.

MARSHALL.

About 1839.

LLOYD'S PICKWICKIAN
SONGSTER.

Containing all the popular
Rum, Comic, and Sentimental Songs
of the day.

[With coarse wood-cut frontispiece
—evidently of the "Pickwick in
America" series of blocks—represent-
ing a ball-room scene; Pickwick and
Wardle footing it together with more
vigour than grace; the Fat Boy, with
balloon-like motion, setting to a negro
footman; other characters dancing in
couples; the orchestra shown in a
balcony, in the background.]

Published by E. LLOYD, 62, Broad
Street, Holborn.

LLOYD'S NEW TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

BROADSHEET OF 50 TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS,

With a riddle under each respective character, and answers
below.

PICKWICK.

SMANGLE.

WINKLE.

MR. WELLER, SENIOR.

SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

SAM WELLER.

FAT BOY.

LONDON :

Printed and published by E. LLOYD,

At the office of *The Penny Sunday Times*, 231, Shoreditch.

LANGLEY'S TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

Twelfth-Night Cake in centre, with scroll on which title is inscribed ; Fat Boy on left ; Old Weller on right.

Engraved by MARKS, 1841.

Published by J. FAIRBURN, 110, Minories.

MRS. LEO HUNTER.

MR. NAMBY.

COUNT SMORLTORK.

MRS. POTT.

ISABELLA WARDLE.

SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

CYRUS BANTAM.

RACHAEL WARDLE.

MR. MIVINS.

FAIRBURN'S PICKWICK CHARACTERS.

TWELFTH-NIGHT CAKE.

THE PICKWICK CAKE.

Published by J. FAIRBURN, Minories.

(Characters etched by MARKS.)

THE ADVENTURES OF MARMADUKE MIDGE,
THE PICKWICKIAN LEGATEE.

By the author of "Tyburn Tree," "Nicodemus Bangs,"
"The Gold Finders," "The Old Manor
House," &c., &c.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

"We may roam through the world like a fly at a feast,
Who sips of one sweet and then flies to the rest ;
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the East,
Just order our wings, and be off to the West."

LONDON :

G. VICKERS, 28 and 29, Holywell Street, Strand.

SAM WELLER'S SCRAP SHEET

PICKWICK CHARACTER PORTRAITS



SAM WELLER'S SCRAP SHEET.

CONTAINING ALL THE PICKWICK PORTRAITS.

WITH THE
POETICAL EFFUSIONS OF AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS, Esq., M.P.C.

PRICE ONE PENNY. Published by JONES, City Road.

London: Sold at Cleave's *Penny Gazette* Office, Shoe Lane,
Fleet Street.

Undated. One sheet, containing forty woodcut-portraits, described as "All the Pickwick Characters," or "Cheap Illustrations to Boz," published by John Cleave (*Cleave's Penny Gazette of Variety and Amusement*).

An example of the traditional "Price one penny plain and two pence coloured" order of production. The artistic and literary sides of the undertaking, as may be assumed, are neither distinguished for originality, nor for neatness of adaptation.

The published price, apparently a marvel of moderation, failed to hit the happy medium of quality allied with quantity; considering the liberal scale of the latter, it is hypercritical to quarrel with the former. The pictures are poor adaptations, rudely copied from single figures of Pickwickian celebrities found among PHIZ's immortal and all-familiar illustrations to the "Pickwick Papers," coarsely cut on wood, executed by poor craftsmen at the lowest figure.

Augustus Snodgrass, the Pickwickian bard among the characters, is represented in the traditional guise supposed to typify the externals of "the poetical soul" of the period; a cloak with high fur collar, much affected by poetasters of that time, with the careless display of long poodle locks. Although "the poetical Snodgrass" is frequently alluded to, his lyrics are comparatively unknown. To the coy muse of this rare bard are ascribed the halting lines setting forth the "Poetical Characters," and explaining each respective Pickwickian portrait; Jove had the reputation of nodding on occasions; can it be credited that a Snodgrass condescended to paraphrase the halting doggerel lays of hireling scribes employed to furnish "tags" for halfpenny valentines? For the hand of this last-mentioned humble pretender may be recognised in these Pickwickian "Poetical Effusions."

The original broad sheet is now rare; selections from the forty verses are here reprinted as curiosities (not essentially "Curiosities of Literature") relating to Dickens and the Pickwick Gallery; enthusiasts may accept the verses in place of the pictures; of the two the lyrics are more novel.

SAMUEL PICKWICK.

Hail, jovial sir, right welcome, here
Your friends pray introduce,
Whose great renown in every town
Has surely played the deuce.

TRACY TUPMAN.

My love far away with another has flown;
Ah! sadly have I been treated,
Wounded in body as well as in mind,
And by a base friend am I cheated.

NATHANIEL WINKLE.

I'll to my fav'rite sport again
Which caused so much alarm.
Tupman I wing'd it's very true,
But didn't mean him harm.

AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS.

Inspire me, god of poets, while I sing,
The theme be woman's eye,
Which sparkling bright, nought can outshine,
Save planets in the sky.

JINGLE.

Madam your's—Friend Pickwick—how do ?
Had capital wine—claret—port—sherry,
Jovial lot—all right—what say you ?
Make one—any time—feel proud—very !

MR. WARDLE.

Friends, a welcome here you'll get,
Tupman let not fair Rachel weep,
With Pickwick here all sorrows cease.
Where is that Boy ! damn him, he's fast asleep !

SAM WELLER.

Vant his boots, young 'ooman d'ye say ?
Vell, if people vill blow up, I let's 'em ;
So just ax the gemman in twenty-two,
If he'll have 'em now, or wait till he gets 'em ?

THE FAT BOY.

Fat, and fair, and fast asleep,
I all things quiet take,
Which I think will clearly prove,
I'm precious *wide awake*.

MISS RACHEL WARDLE.

When woman smiles 'tis life to man,
Which he's scarcely made believe,
And 'spite of our little winning ways,
Too oft our sex deceive.

MRS. BARDLE.

Of false men ye damsels all beware,
For I so graceful, smart, and slick,
Now wasted away as you can see,
By one so base and vile—Pickwick.

MR. WELLER, senior.

Now Samivel, my boy, drive on,
We'll see the Governor bye and bye,
He never would have been so done,
If he had proved the *Alleybi*!

SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

One Thousand Five Hundred Pounds,
A trifle—the verdict will surely be carried
In favour of Mrs. Bardell,
Whom, mark me, I say he ought to have married.

In addition to the lyrical specimens quoted, which include the chief performers, "Sam Weller's Scrap Sheet" further supplies portraits with descriptive verses attached of our Pickwickian celebrities, the irascible Dr. Slammer, Mrs. Weller, Mr. Stiggins, Mr. Peter Magnus, Mr. Pott, Mrs. Pott, Mrs. Leo Hunter, Count Smorltork, Job Trotter, Mr. Ben Allen, Miss Arabella Allen, Mr. Bob Sawyer, Mary, Miss Emily Wardle, and Miss Isabella Wardle; the rival parliamentary candidates, Samuel Slumkey, Esq., and Horatio Fitzkin, Esq., the Bathopian master of the ceremonies, Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq.; Mr. Dowler; the Justice, Squire Nupkins, and Mr. Jinks, his clerk; the list of legal luminaries includes Mr. Perker; those sharp practitioners, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg; the sheriff's officer, Mr. Namby; and the learned counsel, Serjeant Snubbin, with his rival. Of the Queen's Bench characters we have Smangle, Mivins, and the turnkey Roker.

DICKENS'S SUFFERINGS AT THE HANDS OF CERTAIN PIRATICAL GANGS.

JOHN FORSTER and Talfourd were urgent in their recommendations to Dickens to prosecute the lawless band of pirates who continued to lay predaceous claws upon the literary offspring of his brain.

His biographer has written: "A graver wrong was the piracy of his writings, every one of which had been reproduced with merely such colourable changes of little incidents, and names of characters, as were believed to be sufficient to evade the law and adapt them to 'penny' purchasers. So shamelessly had this been going on ever since the days of 'PICKWICK,' in so many outrageous ways and with all but impunity, that a course repeatedly urged by Talfourd and myself was at last taken in 1844 with the 'Christmas Carol' and the 'Chuzzlewit' pirates. Upon a case of such peculiar flagrancy, however, that the Vice-Chancellor would not even hear Dickens's counsel; and what it cost our dear friend Talfourd to suppress his speech exceeded by very much the labour and pains with which he had prepared it. 'The pirates,' wrote Dickens to me, after leaving the Court on the 18th of January, 'are beaten flat. They are bruised, bloody, battered, smashed, squelched, and utterly undone. Knight Bruce would not hear Talfourd, but instantly gave judgment. He had interrupted Anderton constantly by asking him to produce a passage which was not an expanded or contracted idea from my book. And, at every successive passage he cried out, 'That is Mr. Dickens's case. Find another!' He said that there was not a shadow of doubt upon the matter. That there was no authority which would bear a construction in their favour; the piracy going beyond all previous

instances.'” The results were not satisfactory, for the victory remained a barren moral one, and Dickens failed to recover his costs, obtained no practical redress, and the pirates continued to loot his property much as before.

In fact, it proved that Dickens’s repugnance to seek legal redress was more than ever justified by the nugatory results of these vexatious experiences; he felt, as he wrote to Forster :—“ Expense, anxiety, and injustice were the stumbling blocks—it is better to suffer a great wrong than to have recourse to the much greater wrong of the law. . . . It is useless to affect that I don’t know I have a morbid susceptibility of exasperation, to which the meanness and badness of the law in such a matter would be stinging in the last degree. And I know of nothing that *could* come, even of a successful action, which would be worth the mental trouble and disturbance it would cost.”

These explanatory paragraphs are here introduced as being much to the point; for, at first sight, while dealing with “PIRACIES OF PICKWICK,” it must appear to have been mistaken leniency on Dickens’s part to allow the plunderers to filch thus freely his own legal rights and literary property, and to suffer them to line their purses to his pecuniary loss, and to the disparagement of his writings, thus horribly mangled and travestied in the stealing. It will be seen that these robberies went on wholesale. Some time previously Dickens had treated these piracies, through which he nevertheless suffered inordinately, in that spirit of pleasantry which so well accorded with his superabundant flow of good spirits and genial toleration, when the elasticity of youth made light of grave grievances, and the flagrant injustices under which the writer groaned in spirit, were handled with sportive playfulness.

This is illustrated in the burlesque “Proclamation” Dickens thought proper to issue on the eve of the publication of the first number of “Nicholas Nickleby.” As the denunciations therein set forth are obviously levelled at the pirates

who had ruthlessly plagiarised "PICKWICK," we may consider this document an official warning to the tasteless deprecators who had laid violent hands on 'Boz's' first work; examples of their forgeries, plagiarisms, and piracies are reproduced in the present chapter; it must be felt the following document, issued 28th of February, 1838, affords an additional light upon Dickens's personal feelings on the subject of "'PICKWICK' pirates":—

Proclamation.

Whereas we are the only true and lawful "**BOZ.**"

And Whereas it hath been reported to us, who are commencing a New Work to be called—THE

LIFE & ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY,

THAT some dishonest dullards, resident in the by-streets and cellars of this town, impose upon the unwary and credulous, by producing cheap and wretched imitations of our delectable Works **And Whereas** we derive but small comfort under this injury, from the knowledge that the dishonest dullards aforesaid cannot, by reason of their mental smallness aforesaid, follow near our heels, but are constrained to creep along by dirty and little-frequented ways, at a most respectful and humble distance behind.

And Whereas, in like manner, as some vermin are not worth the killing for the sake of their carcasses, so these kennel pirates are not worth the powder and shot of the law, inasmuch as whatever damages they may commit, they are in no condition to pay any.

This is to gibe Notice.

FIRSTLY,

TO PIRATES

THAT we have at length devised a mode of execution for them, so summary and terrible, that if any gang or

gangs thereof presume to hoist but one shred of the colours of the good ship NICKLEBY, we will hang them on gibbets so lofty and enduring, that their remains shall be a monument of our just vengeance to all succeeding ages, and it shall not lie in the power of any Lord High Admiral on earth to cause them to be taken down again.¹

Given at the office of our Board of Trade aforesaid, in the presence of our Secretaries, EDWARD CHAPMAN & WILLIAM HALL, on this Twenty-eighth day of February, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-eight.

(Signed)

Boz.

The foregoing curious and characteristic announcement was issued as a leaflet, the proclamation filling three pages demy octavo.

¹ The SECONDLY and THIRDLY apply strictly to the publishing arrangements of "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY," and have no further direct connection with "PICKWICK."

“PICKWICK REVIVED.”

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

1840.

FROM

“MASTER HUMPHREY’S CLOCK.”

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

By "PHIZ"

TO

"PICKWICK REVIVED,"

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VIDE

"MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."

1840.

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H. K. Browne.

Drawing on wood by "PHIZ."

Frontispiece.

" 'MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK CLUB' RUN DOWN."

"Master Humphrey's Clock." 1840.

MR. PICKWICK'S RE-APPEARANCE IN "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."

By CHARLES DICKENS.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S VISITOR.



HEN I am in a thoughtful mood, I often succeed in diverting the current of some mournful reflections, by conjuring up a number of fanciful associations with the objects that surround me and dwelling upon the scenes and characters they suggest.

I have been led by this habit to assign to every room in my house and every old staring portrait on its walls a separate interest of its own. Thus, I am persuaded that a stately dame, terrible to behold in her rigid modesty, who hangs above the chimney-piece of my bedroom, is the former lady of the mansion. In the courtyard below is a stone face of surpassing ugliness, which I have somehow—in a kind of jealousy, I am afraid—associated with her husband. Above my study is a little room with ivy peeping through the lattice, from which I bring their daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age, and dutiful in all respects save one, that one being her devoted attachment to a young gentleman on the stairs, whose grandmother (degraded to a disused laundry in the garden) piques herself upon an old family quarrel, and is the implacable enemy of their love. With such materials as these I work out many a little drama, whose chief

merit is, that I can bring it to a happy end at will. I have so many of them on hand, that if on my return home one of these evenings I were to find some bluff old wight of two centuries ago comfortably seated in my easy-chair, and a lovelorn damsel vainly appealing to his heart, and leaning her white arm upon my clock itself, I verily believe I should only express my surprise that they had kept me waiting so long, and never honoured me with a call before.

I was in such a mood as this, sitting in my garden yesterday morning under the shade of a favourite tree, revelling in all the bloom and brightness about me, and feeling every sense of hope and enjoyment quickened by this most beautiful season of Spring, when my meditations were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of my barber at the end of the walk, who I immediately saw was coming towards me with a hasty step that betokened something remarkable.

My barber is at all times a very brisk, bustling, active little man—for he is, as it were, chubby all over, without being stout or unwieldy,—but yesterday his alacrity was so very uncommon that it quite took me by surprise. For could I fail to observe when he came up to me that his grey eyes were twinkling in a most extraordinary manner, that his little red nose was in an unusual glow, that every line in his round bright face was twisted and curved into an expression of pleased surprise, and that his whole countenance was radiant with glee? I was still more surprised to see my housekeeper, who usually preserves a very staid air, and stands somewhat upon her dignity, peeping round the hedge at the bottom of the walk, and exchanging nods and smiles with the barber, who twice or thrice looked over his shoulder for that purpose. I could conceive no announcement to which these appearances could be the prelude, unless it were that they had married each other that morning.

I was, consequently, a little disappointed when it only came out that there was a gentleman in the house who wished to speak with me.

“And who is it?” said I.

The barber, with his face screwed up still tighter than before, replied that the gentleman would not send his name, but wished to see me. I pondered for a moment, wondering who this visitor might be, and I remarked that he embraced the opportunity of exchanging another nod with the house-keeper, who still lingered in the distance.

“Well!” said I, “bid the gentleman come here.”

This seemed to be the consummation of the barber's hopes, for he turned sharp round, and actually ran away.

Now, my sight is not very good at the distance, and therefore when the gentleman first appeared in the walk, I was not quite clear whether he was a stranger to me or otherwise. He was an elderly gentleman, but came tripping along in the pleasantest manner conceivable, avoiding the garden-roller and the borders of the beds with inimitable dexterity, picking his way among the flower-pots, and smiling with unspeakable good humour. Before he was half-way up the walk he began to salute me; then I thought I knew him; but when he came towards me with his hat in his hand, the sun shining on his bald head, his bland face, his bright spectacles, his fawn-coloured tights, and his black gaiters,—then my heart warmed towards him, and I felt quite certain that it was Mr. Pickwick.

“My dear sir,” said that gentleman as I rose to receive him, “pray be seated. Pray sit down. Now, do not stand on my account. I must insist upon it, really.” With these words Mr. Pickwick gently pressed me down into my seat, and taking my hand in his, shook it again and again with a warmth of manner perfectly irresistible. I endeavoured to express in my welcome something of that heartiness and pleasure which the sight of him awakened, and made him sit down beside me. All this time he kept alternately releasing my hand and grasping it again, and surveying me through his spectacles with such a beaming countenance as I never till then beheld.

"You knew me directly!" said Mr. Pickwick. "What a pleasure it is to think that you knew me directly!"

I remarked that I had read his adventures very often, and his features were quite familiar to me from the published portraits. As I thought it a good opportunity of advertizing to the circumstance, I condoled with him upon the various libels on his character which had found their way into print. Mr. Pickwick shook his head, and for a moment looked very indignant, but smiling again directly, added that no doubt I was acquainted with Cervantes's introduction to the second part of *Don Quixote*, and that it fully expressed his sentiments on the subject.

"But now," said Mr. Pickwick, "don't you wonder how I found you out?"

"I shall never wonder, and, with your good leave, never know," said I, smiling in my turn. "It is enough for me that you give me this gratification. I have not the least desire that you should tell me by what means I have obtained it."

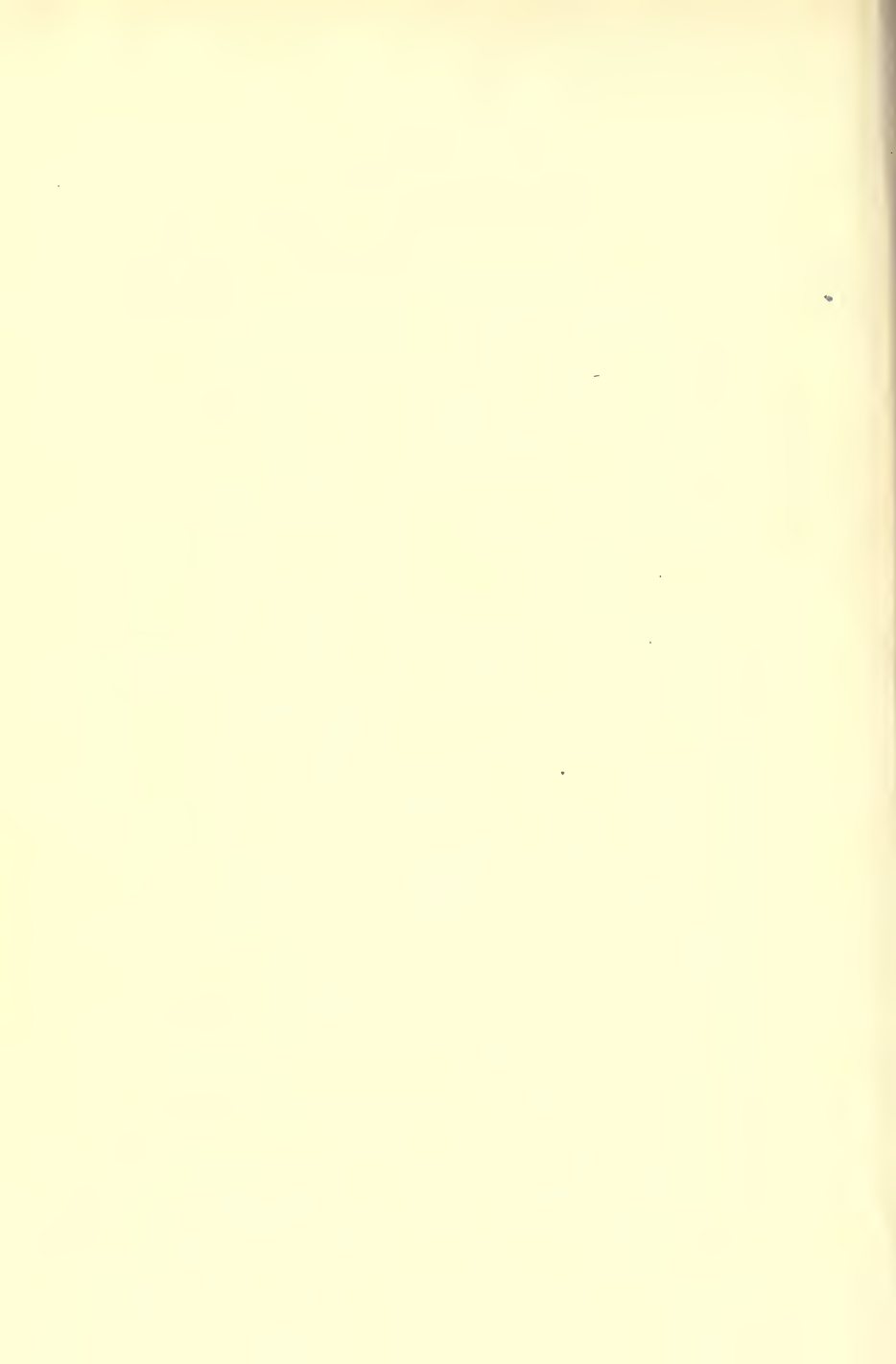
"You are very kind," returned Mr. Pickwick, shaking me by the hand again; "you are so exactly what I expected. But for what particular purpose do you think I sought you, my good sir? Now what *do* you think I have come for?"

Mr. Pickwick put this question as though he were persuaded that it was morally impossible that I could by any means divine the deep purpose of his visit, and that it must be hidden from all human ken. Therefore, although I was rejoiced to think that I had anticipated his drift, I feigned to be quite ignorant of it, and after a brief consideration shook my head despairingly.

"What should you say," said Mr. Pickwick, laying the forefinger of his left hand upon my coat-sleeve, and looking at me with his head thrown back, and a little on one side,— "what should you say if I confessed that after reading your account of yourself and your little society, I had come here a humble candidate for one of those empty chairs?"



Drawing on wood by H. K. Browne—"PHIZ."
 "MR. PICKWICK'S FIRST VISIT TO MASTER HUMPHREY."
 "Master Humphrey's Clock," 1840.



"I should say," I returned, "that I know of only one circumstance which could still further endear that little society to me, and that would be the associating with it my old friend,—for you must let me call you so,—my old friend, Mr. Pickwick."

As I made him this answer every feature of Mr. Pickwick's face fused itself into one all-pervading expression of delight. After shaking me heartily by both hands at once, he patted me gently on the back, and then—I well understood why—coloured up to the eyes, and hoped with great earnestness of manner that he had not hurt me.

If he had, I would have been content that he should have repeated the offence a hundred times rather than suppose so; but as he had not, I had no difficulty in changing the subject by making an enquiry which had been upon my lips twenty times already.

"You have not told me," said I, "anything about Sam Weller."

"O! Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, "is the same as ever. The same true, faithful fellow that he ever was. What should I tell you about Sam, my dear sir, except that he is more indispensable to my happiness and comfort every day of my life?"

"And Mr. Weller senior?" said I.

"Old Mr. Weller," returned Mr. Pickwick, "is in no respect more altered than Sam, unless it be that he is a little more opinionated than he was formerly, and perhaps at times more talkative. He spends a good deal of his time now in our neighbourhood, and has so constituted himself a part of my bodyguard, that when I ask permission for Sam to have a seat in your kitchen on clock nights (supposing your three friends think me worthy to fill one of the chairs), I am afraid I must often include Mr. Weller too."

I very readily pledged myself to give both Sam and his father a free admission to my house at all hours and seasons, and this point settled, we fell into a lengthy conversation,

which was carried on with as little reserve on both sides as if we had been intimate friends from our youth, and which conveyed to me the comfortable assurance that Mr. Pickwick's buoyancy of spirit, and indeed all his old cheerful characteristics, were wholly unimpaired. As he had spoken of the consent of my friends as being yet in abeyance, I repeatedly assured him that his proposal was certain to receive their most joyful sanction, and several times entreated that he would give me leave to introduce him to Jack Redburn and Mr. Miles (who were near at hand) without further ceremony.

To this proposal, however, Mr. Pickwick's delicacy would by no means allow him to accede, for he urged that his eligibility must be formally discussed, and that until this had been done, he could not think of obtruding himself further. The utmost I could obtain from him was a promise that he would attend upon our next night of meeting, that I might have the pleasure of presenting him immediately on his election.

Mr. Pickwick, having with many blushes placed in my hands a small roll of paper, which he termed his "qualification," put a great many questions to me touching my friends, and particularly Jack Redburn, whom he repeatedly termed "a fine fellow," and in whose favour I could see he was strongly predisposed. When I had satisfied him on these points, I took him up into my room, that he might make acquaintance with the old chamber which is our place of meeting.

"And this," said Mr. Pickwick, stopping short, "is the clock! Dear me! And this is really the old clock!"

I thought he would never, have come away from it. After advancing towards it softly, and laying his hand upon it with as much respect and as many smiling looks as if it were alive, he set himself to consider it in every possible direction, now mounting on a chair to look at the top, now going down upon his knees to examine the bottom, now surveying the sides with his spectacles almost touching the case, and now trying

to peep between it and the wall to get a slight view of the back. Then he would retire a pace or two and look up at the dial to see it go, and then draw near again and stand with his head on one side to hear it tick : never failing to glance towards me at intervals of a few seconds each, and nod his head with such complacent gratification as I am quite unable to describe. His admiration was not confined to the clock either, but extended itself to every article in the room ; and really, when he had gone through them every one, and at last sat himself down in all the six chairs, one after another, to try how they felt, I never saw such a picture of good humour and happiness as he presented, from the top of his shining head down to the very last button of his gaiters.

I should have been well pleased, and should have had the utmost enjoyment of his company, if he had remained with me all day ; but my favourite, striking the hour, reminded him that he must take his leave. I could not forbear telling him once more how glad he had made me, and we shook hands all the way downstairs.

We had no sooner arrived in the Hall than my housekeeper, gliding out of her little room (she had changed her gown and cap, I observed), greeted Mr. Pickwick with her best smile and courtesy ; and the barber, feigning to be accidentally passing on his way out, made him a vast number of bows. When the housekeeper courtesied, Mr. Pickwick bowed with the utmost politeness, and when he bowed, the housekeeper courtesied again ; between the housekeeper and the barber, I should say that Mr. Pickwick faced about and bowed with undiminished affability fifty times at least.

I saw him to the door ; an omnibus was at the moment passing the corner of the lane, which Mr. Pickwick hailed and ran after with extraordinary nimbleness. When he had got about half-way, he turned his head, and seeing that I was still looking after him and that I waved my hand, stopped, evidently irresolute whether to come back and shake hands again, or to go on. The man behind the omnibus shouted,

and Mr. Pickwick ran a little way towards him : then he looked round at me, and ran a little way back again. Then there was another shout, and he turned round once more and ran the other way. After several of these vibrations, the man settled the question by taking Mr. Pickwick by the arm and putting him into the carriage ; but his last action was to let down the window and wave his hat to me as it drove off.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF MASTER HUMPHREY'S VISITOR.

Being very full of Mr. Pickwick's application, and highly pleased with the compliment he had paid me, it will be readily supposed that long before our next night of meeting I communicated it to my three friends, who unanimously voted his admission into our body. We all looked forward with some impatience to the occasion which would enrol him among us, but I am greatly mistaken if Jack Redburn and myself were not by many degrees the most impatient of the party.

At length the night came, and a few minutes after ten, Mr. Pickwick's knock was heard at the street-door. He was shown into a lower room, and I directly took my crooked stick and went to accompany him upstairs, in order that he might be presented with all honour and formality.

"Mr. Pickwick," said I, on entering the room, "I am rejoiced to see you,—rejoiced to believe that this is but the opening of a long series of visits to this house, and but the beginning of a close and lasting friendship."

That gentleman made a suitable reply with a cordiality and frankness peculiarly his own, and glanced with a smile towards two persons behind the door, whom I had not at first observed, and whom I immediately recognised as Mr. Samuel Weller and his father.

It was a warm evening, but the elder Mr. Weller was attired, notwithstanding, in a most capacious greatcoat, and

his chin enveloped in a large speckled shawl, such as is usually worn by stage coachmen on active service. He looked very rosy and very stout, especially about the legs, which appeared to have been compressed into his topboots with some difficulty. His broad-brimmed hat he held under his left arm, and with the forefinger of his right hand he touched his forehead a great many times in acknowledgment of my presence.

"I am very glad to see you in such good health, Mr. Weller," said I.

"Why, thankee, sir," returned Mr. Weller, "the axle an't broke yet. We keeps up a steady pace,—not too sewere, but with a moderate degree o' friction,—and the consekens is that ve're still a runnin' and comes in to the time reg'lar.—My son Samivel, sir, as you may have read on in history," added Mr. Weller, introducing his first-born.

I received Sam very graciously, but before he could say a word his father struck in again.

"Samivel Veller, sir," said the old gentleman, "has conferred upon me the ancient title o' grandfather vich had long laid dormouse, and wos s'posed to be nearly hex-tinct in our family. Sammy, relate a anecdote o' vun o' them boys,—that 'ere little anecdote about young Tony sayin' as he *would* smoke a pipe unbeknown to his mother."

"Be quiet, can't you?" said Sam; "I never see such a old magpie—never!"

"That 'ere Tony is the blessedest boy," said Mr. Weller, heedless of this rebuff, "the blessedest boy as ever *I* see in *my* days! of all the charmin'est infants as ever I heerd tell on, includin' them as was kivered over by the robin-redbreasts arter they'd committed soocide with blackberries, there never wos any like that 'ere little Tony. He's always a playin' with a quart pot, that boy is! To see him a settin' down on the door-step pretending to drink out of it, and fetching a long breath arterwards, and smoking a bit of fire-wood, and sayin', 'Now I'm grandfather,'—to see him a doin' that at two year old is

better than any play as wos ever wrote. ‘Now I’m grandfather!’ He wouldn’t take a pint pot if you wos to make him a present on it, but he gets his quart, and then he says, ‘Now I’m grandfather!’”

Mr. Weller was so overpowered by this picture that he straightway fell into a most alarming fit of coughing, which must certainly have been attended with some fatal result but for the dexterity and promptitude of Sam, who, taking a firm grasp of the shawl just under his father’s chin, shook him to and fro with great violence, at the same time administering some smart blows between his shoulders. By this curious mode of treatment Mr. Weller was finally recovered, but with a very crimson face, and in a state of great exhaustion.

“He’ll do now, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, who had been in some alarm himself.

“He’ll do, sir!” cried Sam, looking reproachfully at his parent. “Yes, he *will* do one o’ these days,—he’ll do for himself and then he’ll wish he hadn’t. Did anybody ever see sich a inconsiderate old file,—laughing into convulsions afore company, and stamping on the floor as if he’d brought his own carpet vith him and wos under a wager to punch the pattern out in a given time? He’ll begin again in a minute. There—he’s a-goin’ off—I said he would!”

In fact, Mr. Weller, whose mind was still running upon his precocious grandson, was seen to shake his head from side to side, while a laugh, working like an earthquake below the surface, produced various extraordinary appearances in his face, chest, and shoulders,—the more alarming because unaccompanied by any noise whatever. These emotions, however, gradually subsided, and after three or four short relapses he wiped his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and looked about him with tolerable composure.

“Afore the governor vith-draws,” said Mr. Weller, “there is a pint, respecting vich Sammy has a qvestion to ask. Vile that qvestion is a perwadin’ this here conversation, p’raps the genl’men vill permit me to re-tire.”



H. K. Browne.

Drawing on wood by "Phiz."

"MR. WELLER, SENIOR, AND HIS GRANDSON, TONY WELLER. 'Now I'm Grandfather!'"

"Master Humphrey's Clock." 1840.



"Wot are you goin' away for?" demanded Sam, seizing his father by the coat-tail.

"I never see such a undootiful boy as you, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller. "Didn't you make a solemn promise, amountin' almost to a speeches o' wow, that you'd put that 'ere question on my account?"

"Well, I'm agreeable to do it," said Sam, "but not if you go cuttin' away like that, as the bull turned round and mildly observed to the drover ven they wos a goadin' him into the butcher's door. 'The fact is, sir,'" said Sam, addressing me, "that he wants to know somethin' respectin' that 'ere lady as is housekeeper here."

"Ay. What is that?"

"Vy, sir," said Sam, grinning still more, "he wishes to know vether she——"

"In short," interposed old Mr. Weller decisively, a perspiration breaking out upon his forehead, "vether that 'ere old creetur is or is not a widder."

Mr. Pickwick laughed heartily, and so did I, as I replied decisively that "my housekeeper was a spinster."

"There!" cried Sam, "now you're satisfied. You hear she's a spinster."

"A wot?" said his father, with deep scorn.

"A spinster," replied Sam.

Mr. Weller looked very hard at his son for a minute or two, and then said,

"Never mind vether she makes jokes or not, that's no matter. Wot I say is, is that 'ere female a widder, or is she not?"

"Wot do you mean by her making jokes?" demanded Sam, quite aghast at the obscurity of his parent's speech.

"Never you mind, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller gravely; "puns may be wery good things or they may be wery bad 'uns, and a female may be none the better or she may be none the vurse for making of 'em; that's got nothing to do vith widders."

"Wy now," said Sam, looking round, "would anybody believe as a man at his time o' life could be running his head agin spinsters and punsters being the same thing?"

"There an't a straw's difference between 'em," said Mr. Weller. "Your father didn't drive a coach for so many years, not to be ekal to his own langvidge as far as *that* goes, Sammy."

Avoiding the question of etymology, upon which the old gentleman's mind was quite made up, he was several times assured that the housekeeper had never been married. He expressed great satisfaction on hearing this, and apologised for the question, remarking that he had been greatly terrified by a widow not long before, and that his natural timidity was increased in consequence.

"It wos on the rail," said Mr. Weller, with strong emphasis; "I wos a goin' down to Birmingham by the rail, and I wos locked up in a close carriage vith a living widder. Alone we wos; the widder and me wos alone; and I believe it wos only because we *wos* alone and there wos no clergyman in the conveyance, that that 'ere widder didn't marry me afore ve reached the half-way station. Ven I think how she began a screaming as we wos a-goin' under them tunnels in the dark,—how she kept on a faintin' and ketchin' hold o' me,—and how I tried to bust open the door as was tight-locked and perwented all escape—Ah! It wos a awful thing, most awful!"

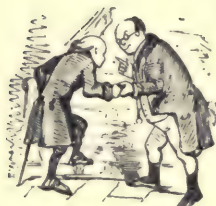
Mr. Weller was so very much overcome by this retrospect that he was unable, until he had wiped his brow several times, to return any reply to the question whether he approved of railway communication; notwithstanding that it would appear from the answer which he ultimately gave, that he entertained strong opinions on the subject.

"I con-sider," said Mr. Weller, "that the rail is unconstitoo-tional and an inwaser o' priwileges, and I should wery much like to know what that 'ere old Carter as once stood up for our liberties and wun 'em too,—I should like to know wot he

would say, if he wos alive now, to Englishmen being locked up with widders, or with anybody again their wills. Wot a old Carter would have said, a old Coachman may say, and I as-sert that in that pint o' view alone, the rail is an inwaser. As to the comfort, vere's the comfort o' sittin' in a harmcheer lookin' at brick walls or heaps o' mud, never comin' to a public-house, never seein' a glass o' ale, never goin' through a pike, never meetin' a change o' no kind (horses or otherwise), but always comin' to a place, ven you come to one at all, the wery picter o' the last, vith the same p'leesemen standing about, the same blessed old bell a ringin', the same unfort'nate people standin behind the bars, a waitin' to be let in; and everythin' the same except the name, vich is wrote up in the same sized letters as the last name, and vith the same colours. As to the honour and dignity o' travellin', vere can that be vithout a coachman; and wot's the rail to sich coachmen and guards as is sometimes forced to go by it, but a outrage and a insult? As to the pace, wot sort o' pace do you think I, Tony Veller, could have kept a coach goin' at, for five hundred thousand pound a mile, paid in advance afore the coach wos on the road? And as to the ingein,—a nasty, wheezin', creakin', gaspin', puffin', bustin' monster, always out o' breath, vith a shiny green-and-gold back, like a unpleasant beetle in that 'ere gas magnifier,—as to the ingein as is always a pourin' out red-hot coals at night, and black smoke in the day, the sensiblest thing it does, in my opinion is, ven there's somethin' in the vay, and it sets up that 'ere frightful scream vich seems to say, 'Now here's two hundred and forty passengers in the wery greatest extremity o' danger, and here's their two hundred and forty screams in vun!'"

By this time I began to fear that my friends would be rendered impatient by my protracted absence. I therefore begged Mr. Pickwick to accompany me up-stairs, and left the two Mr. Wellers in the care of the housekeeper, laying strict injunctions upon her to treat them with all possible hospitality.

THE CLOCK.



As we were going upstairs, Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, which he had held in his hand hitherto; arranged his neckerchief, smoothed down his waistcoat, and made many other little preparations of that kind which men are accustomed to be mindful of, when they are going among strangers for the first time, and are anxious to impress them pleasantly. Seeing that I smiled, he smiled too, and said that if it had occurred to him before he left home, he would certainly have presented himself in pumps and silk stockings.

"I would, indeed, my dear sir," he said very seriously; "I would have shown my respect for the society, by laying aside my gaiters."

"You may rest assured," said I, "that they would have regretted your doing so very much, for they are quite attached to them."

"No, really!" cried Mr. Pickwick, with manifest pleasure. "Do you think they care about my gaiters? Do you seriously think that they identify me at all with my gaiters?"

"I am sure they do," I replied.

"Well, now," said Mr. Pickwick, "that is one of the most charming and agreeable circumstances that could possibly have occurred to me!"

I should not have written down this short conversation, but that it developed a slight point in Mr. Pickwick's character, with which I was not previously acquainted. He has a secret pride in his legs. The manner in which he spoke, and the accompanying glance he bestowed upon his tights, convince me that Mr. Pickwick regards his legs with much innocent vanity.



H. K. Browne.

Drawing on wood by "Phiz."

"MR. PICKWICK AT 'MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK CLUB.'"

"Master Humphrey's Clock." 1840.



But here are our friends," said I, opening the door and taking his arm in mine; "let them speak for themselves.—Gentlemen, I present to you Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick and I must have been a good contrast just then. I, leaning quietly on my crutch-stick, with something of a careworn, patient air; he, having hold of my arm, and bowing in every direction with the most elastic politeness, and an expression of face whose sprightly cheerfulness and good-humour knew no bounds. The difference between us must have been more striking yet, as we advanced towards the table, and the amiable gentleman, adapting his jocund step to my poor tread, had his attention divided between treating my infirmities with the utmost consideration, and affecting to be wholly unconscious that I required any.

I made him personally known to each of my friends in turn. First to the deaf gentleman, whom he regarded with much interest, and accosted with great frankness and cordiality. He had evidently some vague idea, at the moment, that my friend being deaf must be dumb also; for when the latter opened his lips to express the pleasure it afforded him to know a gentleman of whom he had heard so much, Mr. Pickwick was so extremely disconcerted, that I was obliged to step in to his relief.

His meeting with Jack Redburn was quite a treat to see. Mr. Pickwick smiled, and shook hands, and looked at him through his spectacles, and under them, and over them, and nodded his head approvingly, and then nodded to me, as much as to say, "This is just the man; you were quite right"; and then turned to Jack and said a few hearty words, and then did and said everything over again with unimpaired vivacity. As to Jack himself, he was quite as much delighted with Mr. Pickwick as Mr. Pickwick could possibly be with him. Two people never can have met together since the world began who exchanged a warmer or more enthusiastic greeting.

It was amusing to observe the difference between this

encounter and that which succeeded, between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Miles. It was clear that the latter gentleman viewed our new member as a kind of rival in the affections of Jack Redburn, and besides this, he had more than once hinted to me, in secret, that although he had no doubt Mr. Pickwick was a very worthy man, still he did consider that some of his exploits were unbecoming a gentleman of his years and gravity. Over and above these grounds of distrust, it is one of his fixed opinions that the law never can by possibility do anything wrong; he therefore looks upon Mr. Pickwick as one who has justly suffered in purse and peace for a breach of his plighted faith to an unprotected female, and holds that he is called upon to regard him with some suspicion on that account. These causes led to a rather cold and formal reception; which Mr. Pickwick acknowledged with the same stateliness and intense politeness as was displayed on the other side. Indeed, he assumed an air of such majestic defiance, that I was fearful he might break out into some solemn protest or declaration, and therefore inducted him into his chair without a moment's delay.

This piece of generalship was perfectly successful. The instant he took his seat, Mr. Pickwick surveyed us all with a most benevolent aspect, and was taken with a fit of smiling full five minutes long. His interest in our ceremonies was immense. They are not very numerous or complicated, and a description of them may be comprised in very few words. As our transactions have already been, and must necessarily continue to be, more or less anticipated by being presented in these pages at different times, and under various forms, they do not require a detailed account.

Our first proceeding when we are assembled is to shake hands all round, and greet each other with cheerful and pleasant looks. Remembering that we assemble not only for the promotion of our happiness, but with the view of adding something to the common stock, an air of languor or indifference in any member of our body would be regarded by

the others as a kind of treason. We have never had an offender in this respect ; but if we had, there is no doubt that he would be taken to task pretty severely.

Our salutation over, the venerable piece of antiquity from which we take our name is wound up in silence. This ceremony is always performed by Master Humphrey himself (in treating of the club, I may be permitted to assume the historical style, and speak of myself in the third person), who mounts upon a chair for the purpose, armed with a large key. While it is in progress, Jack Redburn is required to keep at the farther end of the room under the guardianship of Mr. Miles, for he is known to entertain certain aspiring and unhallowed thoughts connected with the clock, and has even gone so far as to state that if he might take the works out for a day or two, he thinks he could improve them. We pardon him his presumption in consideration of his good intentions, and his keeping this respectful distance, which last penalty is insisted on, lest by secretly wounding the object of our regard in some tender part, in the ardour of his zeal for its improvement, he should fill us with dismay and consternation.

This regulation afforded Mr. Pickwick the highest delight, and seemed, if possible, to exalt Jack in his good opinion.

The next ceremony is the opening of the clock-case (of which Master Humphrey has likewise the key), the taking from it as many papers as will furnish forth our evening's entertainment, and arranging in the recess such new contributions as have been provided since our last meeting. This is always done with peculiar solemnity. The deaf gentleman then fills and lights his pipe, and we once more take our seats round the table before mentioned, Master Humphrey acting as president,—if we can be said to have any president, where all are on the same social footing,—and our friend Jack as secretary. Our preliminaries being now concluded, we fall into any train of conversation that happens to suggest itself, or proceed immediately to one of our readings.

In the latter case, the paper selected is consigned to Master Humphrey, who flattens it carefully on the table and makes dog's ears in the corner of every page, ready for turning over easily; Jack Redburn trims the lamp with a small machine of his own invention, which usually puts it out; Mr. Miles looks on with great approval notwithstanding; the deaf gentleman draws in his chair, so that he can follow the words on the paper or on Master Humphrey's lips as he pleases; and Master Humphrey himself, looking round with mighty gratification, and glancing up at his old clock, begins to read aloud.

Mr. Pickwick's face, while his tale was being read, would have attracted the attention of the dullest man alive. The complacent motion of his head and forefinger as he gently beat time, and corrected the air with imaginary punctuation, the smile that mantled on his features at every jocose passage, and the sly look he stole around to observe its effect, the calm manner in which he shut his eyes and listened when there was some little piece of description, the changing expression with which he acted the dialogue to himself, his agony that the deaf gentleman should know what it was all about, and his extraordinary anxiety to correct the reader when he hesitated at a word in the manuscript, or substituted a wrong one, were alike worthy of remark. And when at last, endeavouring to communicate with the deaf gentleman by means of the finger alphabet, with which he constructed such words as are unknown in any civilised or savage language, he took up a slate and wrote in large text, one word in a line, the question, "How—do—you—like—it?"—when he did this, and handing it over the table awaited the reply, with a countenance only brightened and improved by his great excitement, even Mr. Miles relaxed, and could not forbear looking at him for the moment with interest and favour.

"It has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, who had watched Mr. Pickwick and everybody else with silent

satisfaction,—“it has occurred to me,” said the deaf gentleman, taking his pipe from his lips, “that now is our time for filling our only empty chair.”

As our conversation had naturally turned upon the vacant seat, we lent a willing ear to this remark, and looked at our friend inquiringly.

“I feel sure,” said he, “that Mr. Pickwick must be acquainted with somebody who would be an acquisition to us; that he must know the man we want. Pray let us not lose any time, but set this question at rest. Is it so, Mr. Pickwick?”

The gentleman addressed was about to return a verbal reply, but remembering our friend's infirmity, he substituted for this kind of answer some fifty nods. Then taking up the slate and printing on it a gigantic “Yes,” he handed it across the table, and rubbing his hands as he looked round upon our faces, protested that he and the deaf gentleman quite understood each other, already.

“The person I have in my mind,” said Mr. Pickwick, “and whom I should not have presumed to mention to you until some time hence, but for the opportunity you have given me, is a very strange old man. His name is Bamber.”

“Bamber!” said Jack. “I have certainly heard the name before.”

“I have no doubt, then,” returned Mr. Pickwick, “that you remember him in those adventures of mine (the Posthumous Papers of our old club, I mean), although he is only incidentally mentioned; and, if I remember right, appears but once.”

“That's it,” said Jack. “Let me see. He is the person who has a grave interest in old mouldy chambers and the Inns of Court, and who relates some anecdotes having reference to his favourite theme,—and an odd ghost story,—is that the man?”

“The very same. Now,” said Mr. Pickwick, lowering his voice to a mysterious and confidential tone, “he is a very extraordinary and remarkable person; living, and talking,

and looking, like some strange spirit, whose delight is to haunt old buildings ; and absorbed in that one subject which you have just mentioned, to an extent which is quite wonderful. When I retired into private life, I sought him out, and I do assure you that the more I see of him, the more strongly I am impressed with the strange and dreamy character of his mind."

"Where does he live ?" I inquired.

"He lives," said Mr. Pickwick, "in one of those dull, lonely old places with which his thoughts and stories are all connected ; quite alone, and often shut up close for several weeks together. In this dusty solitude he broods upon the fancies he has so long indulged, and when he goes into the world, or anybody from the world without goes to see him, they are still present to his mind and still his favourite topic. I may say, I believe, that he has brought himself to entertain a regard for me, and an interest in my visits ; feelings which I am certain he would extend to Master Humphrey's Clock if he were once tempted to join us. All I wish you to understand is, that he is a strange secluded visionary, in the world but not of it ; and as unlike anybody here as he is unlike anybody elsewhere that I have ever met or known."

Mr. Miles received this account of our proposed companion with rather a wry face, and after murmuring that perhaps he was a little mad, inquired if he were rich.

"I never asked him," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You might know, sir, for all that," retorted Mr. Miles, sharply.

"Perhaps so, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, no less sharply than the other, "but I do not. Indeed," he added, relapsing into his usual mildness, "I have no means of judging. He lives poorly, but that would seem to be in keeping with his character. I never heard him allude to his circumstances, and never fell into the society of any man who had the slightest acquaintance with them. I have really told you all I know about him, and it rests with you to say whether you wish to know more, or know quite enough already."

We were unanimously of opinion that we would seek to know more ; and as a sort of compromise with Mr. Miles (who, although he said " Yes—O certainly—he should like to know more about the gentleman—he had no right to put himself in opposition to the general wish," and so forth, shook his head doubtfully and hemmed several times with peculiar gravity), it was arranged that Mr. Pickwick should carry me with him on an evening visit to the subject of our discussion, for which purpose an early appointment between that gentleman and myself was immediately agreed upon ; it being understood that I was to act upon my own responsibility, and to invite him to join us or not, as I might think proper. This solemn question determined, we returned to the clock-case (where we have been forestalled by the reader), and between its contents, and the conversation they occasioned, the remainder of our time passed very quickly.

When we broke up, Mr. Pickwick took me aside to tell me that he had spent a most charming and delightful evening. Having made this communication with an air of the strictest secrecy, he took Jack Redburn into another corner to tell him the same, and then retired into another corner with the deaf gentleman and the slate, to repeat the assurance. It was amusing to observe the contest in his mind whether he should extend his confidence to Mr. Miles, or treat him with dignified reserve. Half-a-dozen times he stepped up behind him with a friendly air, and as often stepped back again without saying a word ; at last, when he was close at that gentleman's ear and upon the very point of whispering something conciliating and agreeable, Mr. Miles happened suddenly to turn his head, upon which Mr. Pickwick skipped away, and said with some fierceness, " Good-night, sir—I was about to say good-night, sir,—nothing more " ; and so made a bow and left him.

" Now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when he had got downstairs.

" All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller. " Hold hard, sir.

Right arm fust—now the left—now one strong convulsion, and the great-coat's on, sir."

Mr. Pickwick acted upon these directions, and being further assisted by Sam, who pulled at one side of the collar, and Mr. Weller, who pulled hard at the other, was speedily enrobed. Mr. Weller, senior, then produced a full-sized stable lantern, which he had carefully deposited in a remote corner, on his arrival, and inquired whether Mr. Pickwick would have "the lamps alight."

"I think not to-night," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Then if this here lady vill per-mit," rejoined Mr. Weller, "we'll leave it here, ready for next journey. This here lantern, mum," said Mr. Weller, handing it to the house-keeper, "vunce belonged to the celebrated Bill Blinder as is now at grass, as all on us vill be in our turns. Bill, mum, wos the hostler as had charge o' them two vell-known piebald leaders that run in the Bristol fast coach, and vould never go to no other tune but a sutherly vind and a cloudy sky, which was consekvently played incessant, by the guard, wenever they wos on duty. He wos took wery bad one arternoon, arter having been off his feed, and wery shaky on his legs for some veeks; and he says to his mate, 'Matey,' he says, 'I think I'm a-goin' the wrong side o' the post, and that my foot's wery near the bucket. Don't say I an't,' he says, 'for I know I am, and don't let me be interrupted,' he says, 'for I've saved a little money, and I'm a-goin' into the stable to make my last vill and testymint.' 'I'll take care as nobody interrupts,' says his mate, 'but you on'y hold up your head, and shake your ears a bit, and you're good for twenty years to come.' Bill Blinder makes him no answer, but he goes away into the stable, and there he soon arterwards lays himself down a'tween the two piebalds, and dies,—prevously a writin' outside the corn-chest, 'This is the last vill and testymint of Villiam Blinder.' They wos nat'rally wery much amazed at this, and arter looking among the litter, and up in the loft, and vere not, they opens the corn-chest, and finds that he'd been and

chalked his vill inside the lid ; so the lid was obligated to be took off the hinges, and sent up to Doctor Commons to be proved, and under that 'ere wery instrument this here lantern was passed to Tony Veller ; vich circumstarnece, mum, gives it a wally in my eyes, and makes me rekvest, if you vill be so kind, as to take partickler care on it."

The housekeeper graciously promised to keep the object of Mr. Weller's regard in the safest possible custody, and Mr.



H. K. Browne.

Drawing on wood by "PHIZ."

"THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF BILL BLINDER."

"Master Humphrey's Clock." 1840.

Pickwick, with a laughing face, took his leave. The body-guard followed, side by side ; old Mr. Weller buttoned and wrapped up from his boots to his chin ; and Sam with his hands in his pockets and his hat half off his head, remonstrating with his father, as he went, on his extreme loquacity.

I was not a little surprised, on turning to go upstairs, to encounter the barber in the passage at that late hour ; for his attendance is usually confined to some half-hour in the

morning. But Jack Redburn, who finds out (by instinct, I think) everything that happens in the house, informed me with great glee, that a society in imitation of our own had been that night formed in the kitchen, under the title of "Mr. Weller's Watch," of which the barber was a member; and that he could pledge himself to find means of making me acquainted with the whole of its future proceedings, which I begged him, both on my own account and that of my readers, by no means to neglect doing.

MR. WELLER'S WATCH.



It seems that the housekeeper and the two Mr. Wellers were no sooner left together on the occasion of their first becoming acquainted, than the housekeeper called to her assistance Mr. Slithers the barber, who had been lurking in the kitchen in expectation of her summons; and with many smiles and much sweetness introduced him as one who would assist her in the responsible office of entertaining her distinguished visitors.

"Indeed," said she, "without Mr. Slithers I should have been placed in quite an awkward situation."

"There is no call for any hock'erdness, mum," said Mr. Weller with the utmost politeness; "no call wotsumever. A lady," added the old gentleman, looking about him with the air of one who establishes an incontrovertible position,— "a lady can't be hock'erd. Natur' has otherwise purwided."

The housekeeper inclined her head and smiled yet more sweetly. The barber, who had been fluttering about Mr. Weller and Sam in a state of great anxiety to improve their acquaintance, rubbed his hands and cried, "Hear, hear! Very true, sir;" whereupon Sam turned about and steadily regarded him for some seconds in silence.



H. K. Browne.

Drawing on wood by "PHIZ."

"MR. WELLER'S WATCH CLUB."

"Master Humphrey's Clock." 1840.

"I never knew," said Sam, fixing his eyes in a ruminative manner upon the blushing barber,—*"I never knew but vun o' your trade, but he wos worth a dozen, and wos indeed dewoted to his callin'!"*

"Was he in the easy shaving way, sir," inquired Mr. Slithers; "or in the cutting and curling line?"

"Both," replied Sam; "easy shavin' was his natur', and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight was in his trade. He spent all his money in bears, and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they wos a growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectooally gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends wos being re-tailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first-floor winder wos ornamented vith their heads; not to speak o' the dreadful aggrawation it must have been to 'em to see a man always a walkin' up and down the pavement outside, vith the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters, 'Another fine animal wos slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's.' Hows'ever, there they wos, and there Jinkinson wos, till he wos took wery ill with some inn'ard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and wos confined to his bed, vere he laid a wery long time, but sich wos his pride in his profession, even then, that wenever he wos worse than usual the doctor used to go down-stairs and say, 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir'; and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes if he wos ever so bad, calls out, 'There's the bears!' and rewives agin."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur' neat as imported. Vun day the doctor happenin' to say, 'I shall look in as usual to-morrow mornin',' Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says, 'Doctor,' he says, 'will you grant me one favour?' 'I will, Jinkinson,' says the doctor. 'Then, doctor,' says Jinkinson, 'vill you come unshaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will,' says the doctor. 'God bless you,' says Jinkinson.

Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skilful and reglar, he says, 'Jinkinson,' he says, 'it's wery plain this does you good. Now,' he says, 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it 'ud warn your heart to work on, and though the footman,' he says, 'hasn't got much of a beard, still he's a tryin' it on vith a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is Christian charity. If they take it in turns to mind the carriage when it's a waitin' below,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from operatin' on both of 'em ev'ry day as well as upon me? you've got six children,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? you've got two assistants in the shop downstairs, wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like? Do this,' he says, 'and you're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeedged the doctor's hand and begun that wery day; he kept his tools upon the bed, and whenever he felt hisself gettin' worse, he turned to at vun o' the children who wos a runnin' about the house vith heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him agin. Vun day the lawyer come to make his vill; all the time he wos a takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a clippin' away at his hair vith a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that 'ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then; 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' It *is* wery like a man havin' his hair cut,' says poor Jinkinson, hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out, he was wery nearly bald. Jinkinson wos kept alive in this vay for a long time, but at last vun day he has in all the children vun arter another, shaves each on 'em wery clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown o' his head; then he has in the two assistants, and arter cuttin' and curlin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the woice o' the greasiest bear, vich rekvest is immedety complied with; then he says that he feels wery happy in his mind and vishes to be left alone; and then he dies, previously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the wery middle of his forehead."

This anecdote produced an extraordinary effect, not only upon Mr. Slithers, but upon the housekeeper also, who evinced so much anxiety to please and be pleased, that Mr. Weller, with a manner betokening some alarm, conveyed a whispered inquiry to his son whether he had gone "too fur."

"Wot do you mean by too fur?" demanded Sam.

"In that 'ere little compliment respectin' the want of hock'erdness in ladies, Sammy," replied his father.

"You don't think she's fallen in love with you in consekens o' that, do you?" said Sam.

"More unlikelier things have come to pass, my boy," replied Mr. Weller in a hoarse whisper; "I'm always afeerd of inadwertent captiwation, Sammy. If I know'd how to make myself ugly or unpleasant, I'd do it, Samivel, rayther than live in this here state of perpetival terror!"

Mr. Weller had, at that time, no further opportunity of dwelling upon the apprehensions which beset his mind, for the immediate occasion of his fears proceeded to lead the way downstairs, apologising as they went for conducting him into the kitchen, which apartment, however, she was induced to proffer for his accommodation in preference to her own little room, the rather as it afforded greater facilities for smoking, and was immediately adjoining the ale-cellar. The preparations which were already made sufficiently proved that these were not mere words of course, for on the deal table were a sturdy ale-jug and glasses, flanked with clean pipes and a plentiful supply of tobacco for the old gentleman and his son, while on a dresser hard by was goodly store of cold meat and other eatables. At sight of these arrangements Mr. Weller was at first distracted between his love of joviality and his doubts whether they were not to be considered as so many evidences of captiwation having already taken place; but he soon yielded to his natural impulse, and took his seat at the table with a very jolly countenance.

"As to imbibin' any o' this here flagrant veed, mum, in the presence of a lady," said Mr. Weller taking up a pipe and

laying it down again, "it couldn't be. Samivel, total abstinence, if *you* please."

"But I like it of all things," said the housekeeper.

"No," rejoined Mr. Weller, shaking his head,—*"no."*

"Upon my word I do," said the housekeeper. "Mr. Slithers knows I do."

Mr. Weller coughed, and notwithstanding the barber's confirmation of the statement, said "No" again, but more feebly than before. The housekeeper lighted a piece of paper, and insisted on applying it to the bowl of the pipe with her own fair hands; Mr. Weller resisted; the housekeeper cried that her fingers would be burnt; Mr. Weller gave way. The pipe was ignited, Mr. Weller drew a long puff of smoke, and detecting himself in the very act of smiling on the housekeeper, put a sudden constraint upon his countenance and looked sternly at the candle, with a determination not to captivate, himself, or encourage thoughts of captivation in others. From this iron frame of mind he was roused by the voice of his son.

"I don't think," said Sam, who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that if the lady was agreeable it 'ud be wery far out o' the vay for us four to make up a club of our own like the governors does up-stairs, and let him," Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe towards his parent, "be the president."

The housekeeper affably declared that it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing, but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manœuvres.

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat and pausing for a moment to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watch-chain, and slowly and with extreme difficulty drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it, and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face.

Having fairly got it out at last, he detached the outer case and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude ; then put the case on again, and having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

"That," said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table with its face upwards, "is the title and emblem o' this here society. Sammy, reach them two stools this vay for the vacant cheers. Ladies and gen'lmen, Mr. Weller's Watch is vound up and now a-goin'. Order !"

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president's hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it, and that falls and concussions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times, and declared the association formally constituted.

"And don't let's have no grinnin' at the cheer, Samivel," said Mr. Weller to his son, "or I shall be committin' you to the cellar, and then p'r'aps we may get into what the 'Merrikins call a fix, and the English a qvestion o' privileges."

Having uttered this friendly caution, the President settled himself in his chair with great dignity, and requested that Mr. Samuel would relate an anecdote.

"I've told one," said Sam.

"Wery good, sir ; tell another," returned the chair.

"We wos a talking jist now, sir," said Sam, turning to Slithers "about barbers. Pursuing that 'ere fruitful theme, sir, I'll tell you in a wery few words a romantic little story about another barber as p'r'aps you may never have heerd."

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller, again bringing his watch and the table into smart collision, "address your obseruations to the cheer, sir, and not to priwate individuals !"

"And if I might rise to order," said the barber in a soft voice, and looking round him with a conciliatory smile as he leant over the table, with the knuckles of his left hand

resting upon it,—“if I *might* rise to order, I would suggest that ‘barbers’ is not exactly the kind of language which is agreeable and soothing to our feelings. You, sir, will correct me if I’m wrong, but I believe there *is* such a word in the dictionary as hairdressers.”

“Well, but suppose he wasn’t a hairdresser,” suggested Sam.

“Wy then, sir, be parliamentary and call him vun all the more,” returned his father. “In the same vay as ev’ry gen’lman in another place is a *honourable*, ev’ry barber in this place is a hairdresser. Ven you read the speeches in the papers, and see as vun gen’lman says of another, ‘the *honourable* member, if he vill allow me to call him so,’ you will understand, sir, that that means, ‘if he vill allow me to keep up that ’ere pleasant and uniwersal fiction.’”

It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed. Mr. Weller came out so strong in his capacity of chairman, that Sam was for some time prevented from speaking by a grin of surprise, which held his faculties enchained, and at last subsided in a long whistle of a single note. Nay, the old gentleman appeared even to have astonished himself, and that to no small extent, as was demonstrated by the vast amount of chuckling in which he indulged, after the utterance of these lucid remarks.

“Here’s the story,” said Sam. “Vunce upon a time there was a young hairdresser as opened a wery smart little shop vith four wax dummies in the winder, two gen’lmen and two ladies—the gen’lmen with blue dots for their beards, wery large viskers, oudacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin’ pinkness; the ladies vith their heads o’ one side, their right forefingers on their lips, and their forms deweloped beautiful, in vich last respect they had the advantage over the gen’lmen, as wasn’t allowed but wery little shoulder, and terminated rayther abrupt in fancy drapery. He had also a many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass-cases on the counter, a

floor-clothed cuttin'-room up-stairs, and a weighin'-macheen in the shop, right opposite the door. But the great attraction and ornament was the dummies, which this here young hairdresser was constantly a runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly a runnin' in agin to touch up and polish; in short, he was so proud on 'em, that ven Sunday come, he was always wretched and mis'rable to think they was behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Monday on that account. Vun o' these dummies was a fav'rite vith him beyond the others; and ven any of his acquaintance asked him wy he didn't get married—as the young ladies he know'd, in partickler, often did—he used to say, 'Never! I never vill enter into the bonds of vedlock,' he says, 'until I meet vith a young 'ooman as realises my idea o' that 'ere fairest dummy vith the light hair. Then, and not till then,' he says, 'I vill approach the altar.' All the young ladies he know'd as had got dark hair told him this was very sinful, and that he was wurshippin' a idle; but them as was at all near the same shade as the dummy coloured up very much, and was observed to think him a very nice young man."

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller, gravely, "a member o' this associashun bein' one o' that 'ere tender sex which is now immedately referred to, I have to rekvest that you vill make no reflections."

"I ain't a makin' any, am I?" inquired Sam.

"Order, sir!" rejoined Mr. Weller, with severe dignity. Then, sinking the chairman in the father, he added, in his usual tone of voice: "Samivel, drive on!"

Sam interchanged a smile with the housekeeper, and proceeded:

"The young hairdresser hadn't been in the habit o' makin' this avowal above six months, ven he en-counter'd a young lady as was the very picter o' the fairest dummy. 'Now,' he says, 'it's all up. I am a slave!' The young lady was not only the picter o' the fairest dummy, but she was very romantic, as the young hairdresser was, too, and he

says, 'O!' he says, 'here's a community o' feelin', here's a flow o' soul!' he says, 'here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady didn't say much, o' course, but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly arterwards vent to see him with a mutual friend. The hairdresser rushes out to meet her, but d'rectly she sees the dummies she changes colour and falls a tremblin' wiolently. 'Look up, my love,' says the hairdresser, 'behold your imige in my winder, but not correcter than in my art!' 'My imige!' she says. 'Yourn!' replies the hairdresser. 'But whose imige is *that*?' she says, a pinting at von o' the gen'lmen. 'No vun's, my love,' he says, 'it is but a idea.' 'A idea!' she cries: 'it is a portrait, I feel it is a portrait, and that 'ere noble face must be in the millingtary!' 'Wot do I hear!' says he, a crumplin' his curls. 'Villiam Gibbs,' she says, quite firm, 'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend,' she says, 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This,' says the hairdresser, 'is a reglar blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate. Farevell!' With these vords he rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose with a blow of his curlin'-irons, melts him down at the parlour fire, and never smiles arterwards."

"The young lady, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"Why, ma'am," said Sam, "finding that Fate had a spite agin her, and everybody she come into contact vith, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined away,—by rayther slow degrees, for she ain't dead yet. It took a deal o' poetry to kill the hairdresser, and some people say arter all that it was more the gin and water as caused him to be run over; p'raps it was a little o' both, and came o' mixing the two."

The barber declared that Mr. Weller had related one of the most interesting stories that had ever come within his knowledge, in which opinion the housekeeper entirely concurred.

"Are you a married man, sir?" inquired Sam.

The barber replied that he had not that honour.

"I s'pose you mean to be?" said Sam.

"Well," replied the barber, rubbing his hands smirkingly, "I don't know, I don't think it's very likely."

"That's a bad sign," said Sam; "if you'd said you meant to be one o' these days, I should ha' looked upon you as bein' safe. You're in a very precarious state."

"I am not conscious of any danger, at all events," returned the barber.

"No more was I, sir," said the elder Mr. Weller, interposing; those were my symptoms exactly. I've been took that way twice. Keep your vether eye open, my friend, or you're gone."

There was something so very solemn about this admonition, both in its matter and manner, and also in the way in which Mr. Weller still kept his eye fixed upon the unsuspecting victim, that nobody cared to speak for some little time, and might not have cared to do so for some time longer, if the housekeeper had not happened to sigh, which called off the old gentleman's attention and gave rise to a gallant inquiry whether "there was anythin' wery piercin' in that 'ere little heart."

"Dear me, Mr. Weller!" said the housekeeper, laughing.

"No, but is there anythin' as agitates it?" pursued the old gentleman. "Has it always been obderrate, always opposed to the happiness o' human creeturs? Eh? Has it?"

At this critical juncture for her blushes and confusion, the housekeeper discovered that more ale was wanted, and hastily withdrew into the cellar to draw the same, followed by the barber, who insisted on carrying the candle. Having looked after her with a very complacent expression of face, and after him with some disdain, Mr. Weller caused his glance to travel slowly round the kitchen, until at length it rested on his son.

"Sammy," said Mr. Weller, "I mistrust that barber."

"Wot for?" returned Sam; "wot's he got to do with you? You're a nice man, you are, arter pretendin' all kinds

o' terror, to go a payin' compliments and talkin' about hearts and piercers."

The imputation of gallantry appeared to afford Mr. Weller the utmost delight, for he replied in a voice choked by suppressed laughter, and with the tears in his eyes,

"Wos I a talkin' about hearts and piercers,—wos I though, Sammy, eh?"

"Wos you? of course you wos."

"She don't know no better, Sammy, there ain't no harm in it,—no danger, Sammy; she's only a punster. She seemed pleased, though, didn't she? O' course, she wos pleased, it's nat'ral she should be, wery nat'ral."

"He's wain of it!" exclaimed Sam, joining in his father's mirth. "He's actually wain!"

"Hush!" replied Mr. Weller, composing his features "they're a comin' back,—the little heart's a comin' back. But mark these wurds o' mine once more, and remember 'em ven your father says he said 'em. Samivel, I mistrust that 'ere deceitful barber."

MASTER HUMPHREY FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

Two or three evenings after the institution of Mr. Weller's Watch, I thought I heard, as I walked in the garden, the voice of Mr. Weller himself at no great distance; and stopping once or twice to listen more attentively, I found that the sounds proceeded from my housekeeper's little sitting-room, which is at the back of the house. I took no further notice of the circumstance at that time, but it formed the subject of a conversation between me and my friend Jack Redburn next morning, when I found that I had not been deceived in my impression. Jack furnished me with the following particulars; and as he appeared to take extraordinary pleasure in relating them, I have begged him in

future to jot down any such domestic scenes or occurrences that may please his humour, in order that they may be told in his own way. I must confess that, as Mr. Pickwick and he are constantly together, I have been influenced in making this request, by a secret desire to know something of their proceedings.

On the evening in question, the houskeeper's room was arranged with particular care, and the housekeeper herself was very smartly dressed. The preparations, however, were not confined to mere showy demonstrations, as tea was prepared for three persons, with a small display of preserves and jams and sweet cakes, which heralded some uncommon occasion. Miss Benton (my housekeeper bears that name) was in a state of great expectation, too, frequently going to the front door and looking anxiously down the lane, and more than once observing to the servant-girl that she expected company, and hoped no accident had happened to delay them.

A modest ring at the bell at length allayed her fears, and Miss Benton, hurrying into her own room and shutting herself up, in order that she might preserve that appearance of being taken by surprise which is so essential to the polite reception of visitors, awaited their coming with a smiling countenance.

"Good ev'nin', mum," said the older Mr. Weller, looking in at the door after a prefatory tap. "I'm afeerd we've come in rayther arter the time, mum, but the young colt being full o' wice, has been a boltin' and shyin' and gettin' his leg over the traces to sich a extent that if he an't very soon broke in, he'll wex me into a broken heart, and then he'll never be brought out no more except to learn his letters from the writin' on his grandfather's tombstone."

With these pathetic words, which were addressed to something outside the door about two feet six from the ground, Mr. Weller introduced a very small boy firmly set upon a couple of very sturdy legs, who looked as if nothing could ever knock him down. Besides having a very round face strongly

resembling Mr. Weller's, and a stout little body of exactly his build, this young gentleman, standing with his little legs very wide apart, as if the top-boots were familiar to them, actually winked upon the housekeeper with his infant eye, in imitation of his grandfather.

"There's a naughty boy, mum," said Mr. Weller, bursting with delight, "there's a immoral Tony. Was there ever a little chap o' four year and eight months old as vinked his eye at a strange lady afore?"

As little affected by this observation as by the former appeal to his feelings, Master Weller elevated in the air a small model of a coach whip which he carried in his hand, and addressing the housekeeper with a shrill "ya—hip!" inquired if she was "going down the road;" at which happy adaptation of a lesson he had been taught from infancy, Mr. Weller could restrain his feelings no longer, but gave him twopence on the spot.

"It's in wain to deny it, mum," said Mr. Weller, "this here is a boy arter his grandfather's own heart, and beats out all the boys as ever wos or will be. Though at the same time, mum," added Mr. Weller, trying to look gravely down upon his favourite, "it wos wery wrong on him to want to—over all the posts as we come along, and wery cruel on him to force poor grandfather to lift him cross-legged over every vun of 'em. He wouldn't pass vun single blessed post, mum, and at the top of the lane there's seven-and-forty on 'em all in a row, and wery close together."

Here Mr. Weller, whose feelings were in a perpetual conflict between pride in his grandson's achievements and a sense of his own responsibility, and the importance of impressing him with moral truths, burst into a fit of laughter, and suddenly checking himself, remarked in a severe tone that little boys as made their grandfathers put 'em over posts never went to heaven at any price.

By this time the housekeeper had made tea, and little Tony, placed on a chair beside her, with his eyes nearly on



H. K. Browne.

Drawing on wood by "Phiz."

"OLD WELLER AND HIS GRANDSON TONY IN THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM."

"Master Humphrey's Clock." 1840.

a level with the top of the table, was provided with various delicacies which yielded him extreme contentment. The housekeeper (who seemed rather afraid of the child, notwithstanding her caresses) then patted him on the head, and declared that he was the finest boy she had ever seen.

"Wy, mum," said Mr. Weller, "I don't think you'll see a many sich, and that's the truth. But if my son Samivel would give me my vay, mum, and only dis-pense vith his—*might* I venture to say the vurd?"

"What word, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper, blushing slightly.

"Petticuts, mum," returned that gentleman, laying his hand upon the garments of his grandson. "If my son Samivel, mum, would only dis-pense vith these here, you'd see such a alteration in his appearance, as the imagination can't depicter."

"But what would you have the child wear instead, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"I've offered my son Samivel, mum, agen and agen," returned the old gentleman, "to purwide him at my own cost vith a suit o' clothes as 'ud be the makin' on him, and form his mind in infancy for those pursuits as I hope the family o' the Vellers vill always dewote themselves to. Tony, my boy, tell the lady wot them clothes are, as grandfather says father ought to let you vear."

"A little white hat and a little sprig weskut and little knee cords and little top-boots and a little green coat with little bright buttons and a little welwet collar," replied Tony, with great readiness and no stops.

"That's the cos-toom, mum," said Mr. Weller, looking proudly at the housekeeper. "Once make sich a model on him as that, and you'd say he *wos* a angel!"

Perhaps the housekeeper thought that in such a guise young Tony would look more like the angel at Islington than anything else of that name, or perhaps she was disconcerted to find her previously conceived ideas disturbed, as angels are

not commonly represented in top-boots and sprig waistcoats. She coughed doubtfully, but said nothing.

"How many brothers and sisters have you, my dear?" she asked, after a short silence.

"One brother and no sister at all," replied Tony. "Sam his name is, and so's my father's. Do you know my father?"

"O yes, I know him," said the housekeeper, graciously.

"Is my father fond of you?" pursued Tony.

"I hope so," rejoined the smiling housekeeper.

Tony considered a moment, and then said, "Is my grandfather fond of you?"

This would seem a very easy question to answer, but instead of replying to it, the housekeeper smiled in great confusion, and said that really children did ask such extraordinary questions that it was the most difficult thing in the world to talk to them. Mr. Weller took upon himself to reply that he was very fond of the lady; but the housekeeper entreating that he would not put such things into the child's head, Mr. Weller shook his own while she looked another way, and seemed to be troubled with a misgiving that captivation was in progress. It was, perhaps, on this account that he changed the subject precipitately.

"It's wery wrong in little boys to make game o' their grandfathers, an't it, mum?" said Mr. Weller, shaking his head waggishly, until Tony looked at him, when he counterfeited the deepest dejection and sorrow.

"O, very sad!" assented the housekeeper. "But I hope no little boys do that?"

"There is vun young Turk, mum," said Mr. Weller, "as havin' seen his grandfather a little overcome vith drink on the occasion of a friend's birthday, goes a reelin' and staggerin' about the house, and making believe that he's the old gen'lm'n."

"O, quite shocking!" cried the housekeeper.

"Yes, mum," said Mr. Weller; "and previously to so doin', this here young traitor that I'm a-speakin' of, pinches

his little nose to make it red, and then he gives a hiccup and says, 'I'm all right,' he says; 'give us another song!' Ha, ha! 'Give us another song,' he says. Ha, ha, ha!"

In his excessive delight, Mr. Weller was quite unmindful of his moral responsibility, until little Tony kicked up his legs, and laughing immoderately, cried, "That was me, that was;" whereupon the grandfather, by a great effort, became extremely solemn.

"No, Tony, not you," said Mr. Weller. "I hope it warn't you, Tony. It must ha' been that 'ere naughty little chap as comes sometimes out o' the empty watch-box round the corner,—that same little chap as was found standing on the table afore the looking-glass, pretending to shave himself with a oyster-knife."

"He didn't hurt himself, I hope?" observed the house-keeper.

"Not he, mum," said Mr. Weller proudly; "bless your heart, you might trust that 'ere boy with a steam-engine a'most, he's such a knowin' young"—but suddenly recollecting himself and observing that Tony perfectly understood and appreciated the compliment, the old gentleman groaned and observed that "it wos all wery shockin'—wery."

"O, he's a bad 'un," said Mr. Weller, "is that 'ere watch-box boy, makin' such a noise and litter in the back yard, he does, waterin' wooden horses and feedin' of 'em with grass, and perpetivally spillin' his little brother out of a veelbarrow and frightenin' his mother out of her vits, at the wery moment wen she's expectin' to increase his stock of happiness with another play-feller,—O, he's a bad one! He's even gone so far as to put on a pair of paper spectacles as he got his father to make for him, and walk up and down the garden with his hands behind him in imitation of Mr. Pickwick,—but Tony don't do sich things, O no!"

"O no!" echoed Tony.

"He knows better, he does," said Mr. Weller. "He knows that if he wos to come sich games as these nobody wouldn't love

him, and that his grandfather in partickler couldn't abear the sight on him ; for vich reasons Tony's always good."

"Always good," echoed Tony ; and his grandfather immediately took him on his knee and kissed him, at the same time, with many nods and winks, slyly pointing at the child's head with his thumb, in order that the housekeeper, otherwise deceived by the admirable manner in which he (Mr. Weller) had sustained his character, might not suppose that any other young gentleman was referred to, and might clearly understand that the boy of the watch-box was but an imaginary creation, and a fetch of Tony himself, invented for his improvement and reformation.

Not confining himself to a mere verbal description of his grandson's abilities, Mr. Weller, when tea was finished, invited him by various gifts of pence and halfpence to smoke imaginary pipes, drink visionary beer from real pots, imitate his grandfather without reserve, and in particular to go through the drunken scene, which threw the old gentleman into ecstasies and filled the housekeeper with wonder. Nor was Mr. Weller's pride satisfied with even this display, for when he took his leave he carried the child, like some rare and astonishing curiosity, first to the barber's house and afterwards to the tobacconist's, at each of which places he repeated his performances with the utmost effect to applauding and delighted audiences. It was half-past nine o'clock when Mr. Weller was last seen carrying him home upon his shoulder, and it has been whispered abroad that at that time the infant Tony was rather intoxicated.



H. K. Browne.

Drawing on wood by "PHIZ."

Tailpiece: "MR. WELLER'S WATCH CLUB RUN DOWN."

"Master Humphrey's Clock." 1840.

FIRST CHEAP EDITION
OF
"THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

1847.

THE FIRST CHEAP EDITION OF "THE PICKWICK PAPERS," 1847.

The pioneer of popular editions, this new departure was appropriately inaugurated by the republication of "The Pickwick Papers," the earliest cheap issue of the works of Charles Dickens. Much importance was attached to this experiment, and the reliance placed by the author himself upon this popular version of his writings is shown by Dickens's noteworthy and well-known preface to the 1847 edition. Anticipating the *avant propos* now historical, due care was taken to herald this enterprise in advance; a small 8vo leaflet of four pages was issued by Chapman and Hall, announcing that, on Saturday, the 27th March, 1847, would be commenced "The Pickwick Papers": "in weekly numbers; each containing sixteen clear and handsomely printed pages, small 8vo, double columns, price three halfpence each, and also in monthly parts, sewed in a wrapper"; the initial story "Pickwick" to be completed in about thirty-two numbers. The new Preface was advertised to be published with the concluding part. The publishers' announcement, with Dickens's "Address," filled three pages of the leaflet, the fourth side offered, as a specimen of the future series, the type and setting of page 2 of "Pickwick," in double columns.

The complete story in thirty-two numbers cost four shillings.

The memorable "Preface," as already quoted, according to this programme, did not make its welcome appearance until "Pickwick" was finished. It is nowadays amongst the most familiar of Dickens's delightful confidences with his readers; the friendly introduction was, however, in some measure

anticipated by a special "Address" written in advance by the author—for the first time disclosing those motives which had induced the writer and publishers to venture upon the extended scheme of this pioneer "Cheap Edition." But few of these detached and fugitive "Advertisement Leaflets" have survived destruction; the "Address" itself is little known, and seems to have escaped the attention of editors who have reprinted the world-familiar Prefaces to "Pickwick."

ADDRESS (1847)

TO THE CHEAP EDITION OF THE WORKS OF MR. CHARLES
DICKENS.

“ON the 31st March, 1836, the publication of ‘THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB’ was begun, in what was then a very unusual form, at less than one-third of the price in the whole of an ordinary novel, and in Shilling Monthly parts. On Saturday, the 27th of March, 1847, the proposed Re-issue, unprecedented, it is believed, in the history of Cheap Literature, will be commenced.

“It is not for an author to describe his own books. If they cannot speak for themselves, he is likely to do little service by speaking for them. It is enough to observe of these, that eleven years have strengthened in their writer’s mind every purpose and sympathy he has endeavoured to express in them; and that their reproduction in a shape which shall render them easily accessible as a possession by all classes of society, is at least consistent with the spirit in which they have been written, and is the fulfilment of a desire long entertained.

“It had been intended that this CHEAP EDITION, now announced, should not be undertaken until the books were much older, or the author was dead. But the favour with which they have been received, and the extent to which they have been circulated, and continue to circulate, at five times the proposed price, justify the belief that the living author may enjoy the pride and honour of their widest diffusion, and may couple it with increased personal emolument.

“This belief is supported by the conviction that the CHEAP EDITION will in no way clash or interfere with that already existing. The existing edition will always contain the original illustrations, which, it is hardly necessary to add, will constitute no part of the CHEAP EDITION; and its form is perfectly distinct and different. Neither will any of the more recent writings of the author, those now in progress of publication, or yet to come, appear in the CHEAP EDITION, until after the lapse of A VERY CONSIDERABLE PERIOD, and when their circulation in the original form shall, by degrees, and in the course of years, have placed them on a level with their predecessors.

“To become, in his new guise, a permanent inmate of many English homes, where, in his old shape, he was only known as a guest, or hardly known at all, to be well thumbed and soiled in a plain suit that will bear a great deal, by children and grown people, at the fireside and on the journey: to be hoarded on the humble shelf where there are few books, and to lie about in libraries like any familiar piece of household stuff that is easy of replacement: and to see and feel this—not to die first, or grow old and passionless, must obviously be among the hopes of a living author, venturing on such an enterprise. Without such hopes it never could be set on foot. I have no fear of being mistaken in acknowledging that they are mine; that they are built, in simple earnestness and grateful faith, on my experience, past and present, of the cheering on of very many thousands of my countrymen and countrywomen, never more numerous or true to me than now; and that hence this CHEAP EDITION is projected.

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

PAINTING BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

“MR. PICKWICK DISCOVERED BY HIS FRIENDS WITH MRS.
BARDELL FAINTING IN HIS ARMS.” (Chap. XII.)

Engraved on wood by J. Thompson.

Frontispiece to the first cheap edition of “The Posthumous
Papers of the Pickwick Club.” 1847.

(Printed in double columns.)

NOTE.—This picture, a monochrome in brown (*grisaille*) painted in oils on panel, was a commission from Charles Dickens to the artist, C. R. LESLIE, R.A. Leslie's painting continued in Dickens's possession to his death, when it was sold, 9th July, 1870, with other works of art from “Gadshill,” at Messrs. Christie's Rooms, realising £137 11s. It has since passed into the possession of Mr. William Wright, whose comprehensive collection of Dickens memorials forms the most important and valuable gathering known to the writer. We are indebted to the generosity and public spirit of Mr. Wright for thus enabling these interesting resources to appear in the present series.



C. R. Leslie, R.A.

Frontispiece to the first cheap edition, 1847. Engraved on wood by J. Thompson.

"MRS. BARDELL HAD FAINTED IN MR. PICKWICK'S ARMS; AND BEFORE HE COULD GAIN TIME TO DEPOSIT HER ON A CHAIR, MASTER BARDELL ENTERED THE ROOM, USHERING IN MR. TUTMAN, MR. WINKLE, AND MR. SNODGRASS."

“PHIZ” Illustrations (woodcuts) to the 1847 earliest cheap edition of “The Pickwick Papers.”

ORIGINAL ADVERTISEMENT. 1847.

NOW PUBLISHING.

SIX ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

To bind with the Volume of

THE CHEAP EDITION OF

“THE PICKWICK PAPERS.”

Engraved on wood, from drawings

By “PHIZ.”

Sewed in a wrapper, price One Shilling.

The illustrations by “PHIZ” in the original editions of these papers have become so thoroughly identified with the characters, as to make it quite impossible for any other artist successfully to portray them without an imitation of his conceptions.

To ensure the careful execution of these drawings, the most talented artists of the graver have been employed on them, under the superintendence of Messrs. Collins and Reynolds, to whom also the printing has been entrusted.

Orders received by Darton and Co., Holborn Hill; Joseph Cundall, 19, Old Bond Street; and all Booksellers.

* * Six illustrations to “NICHOLAS NICKLEBY” are nearly ready, by the same artist.

“ PHIZ ”

EXTRA PLATES

“PHIZ” EXTRA ILLUSTRATIONS. 1847.

SERIES of six designs, by Hablôt K. Browne, issued as “extra plates,” simultaneously with the appearance of the first cheap edition of “Pickwick,” to which the woodcut, engraved by J. Thompson after the picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A., forms the frontispiece. These spirited examples by “PHIZ” are often found bound up with the early “cheap edition” (printed in double columns), 1847. They were issued separately as “Pickwick Illustrations,” small 8vo, green wrapper, price 1s. London: Chapman and Hall. Undated [1847].

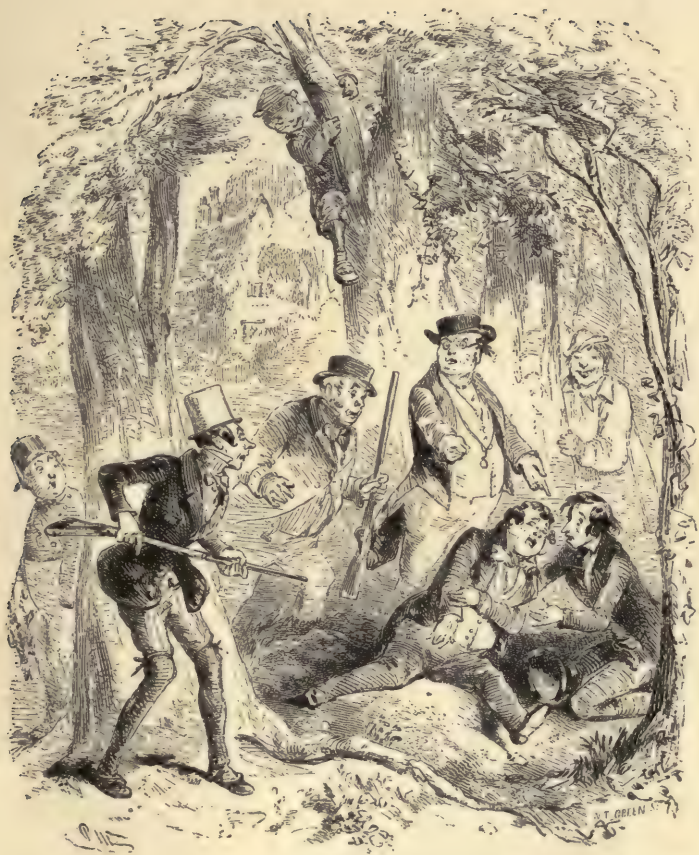
NOTE.—The six designs were issued as a separate speculation; it has been stated, whether wrongly or rightly it is now difficult to determine, that the publishers were merely acting as agents in the matter for the interests of the designer and the respective wood-engravers concerned in their production, whose speculation it was. These admirable versions are now scarce, and priced at costly figures in consequence of their rarity, especially in the wrapper form.

LIST OF EXTRA "PICKWICK" ILLUSTRATIONS

DESIGNED BY "PHIZ"

To accompany the earliest "Cheap Edition," published
in 1847.

MR. WINKLE'S FIRST SHOT—SHOOTING AT THE CROW AND WOUND- ING THE PIGEON. Chap. VII.	1
THE EFFECTS OF COLD PUNCH—A PLEASANT DAY WITH AN UN- PLEASANT TERMINATION. Chap. XIX.	2
THE KISS UNDER THE MISTLETOE—KEEPING UP CHRISTMAS FES- TIVITIES AT MR. WARDLE'S. Chap. XXVIII.	3
OLD WELLER AT THE TEMPERANCE MEETING—THE BRICK LANE BRANCH OF THE U.G.J.E.T.A. Chap. XXXIII.	4
THE LEG OF MUTTON "SWARRY" AT BATH. Chap. XXXVII. ...	5
MR. PICKWICK'S PARTING INTERVIEW WITH MESSRS. DODSON AND FOGG AT MR. PERKER'S CHAMBERS IN GRAY'S INN SQUARE. Chap. LIII.	6



Drawn by Hablot Knight Browne—"PHIZ."
 "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
 "MR. WINKLE'S FIRST SHOT."
 "Shooting at the crow and wounding the pigeon." (Chap. VII.)
 Published 1847.



Drawn by Hablot Knight Browne—"PHIZ."
 "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
 "THE EFFECTS OF COLD PUNCH."

"A pleasant day, with an unpleasant termination." (Chap. XIX.)
 Published 1847.



Drawn by Hablot Knight Browne—"Phiz."
 "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,"
 "THE KISS UNDER THE MISTLETOE."

"Keeping up Christmas festivities at Mr. Wardle's." (Chap. XXVIII.)
 Published 1847.



Drawn by Hablot Knight Browne—"PHIZ."

"The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

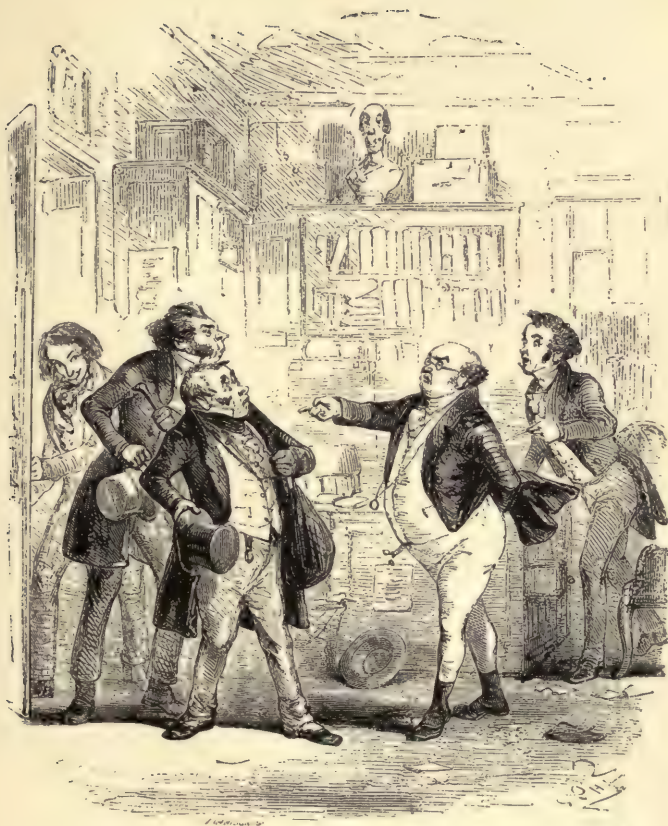
"OLD MR. WELLER AT THE TEMPERANCE MEETING."

"The Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association." (Chap. XXXIII.)

Published 1847.



Drawn by Hablot Knight Browne—"PHIZ."
 "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
 "THE LEG OF MUTTON 'SWARRY' AT BATH." (Chap. XXXVII.
 Published 1847.



Drawn by Hablot Knight Browne—"PHIZ."

"The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

"MR. PICKWICK'S PARTING INTERVIEW WITH MESSRS. DODSON AND FOGG AT MR. PERKIER'S CHAMBERS."

"You are a couple of mean, rascally, pettifogging robbers!"

("A great morning of business in Gray's Inn Square.") (Chap. LIH.)

Published 1847.

Designed for binding with the cheap edition of "Pickwick."

PICKWICK PICTURES.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE PICKWICK
PAPERS."

(Anonymous.)

PUBLISHED BY W. STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Four parts in all. Undated.

[This issue appeared in 1847.]

Designed for binding with the cheap edition of "Pickwick."
1847.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

[No name given, either of designer or wood-engraver, though the execution of the wrapper-block (frontispiece) is described as above the average of work characteristic of the time, and is the most creditable part of the production.]

Sixteen woodcut illustrations (artist anonymous), with full-page block as frontispiece (also used on green wrapper). Advertised on wrapper to be completed in eight monthly parts, each part to contain four engravings.

N.B.—The Editor has hitherto failed to discover the work in its completed state ; the four parts here given, containing sixteen illustrations, are all that he has seen, though he has met several sets of these sixteen blocks as described. It is a question whether the venture was sufficiently successful to justify its further extension as advertised by the publisher.

Bound in a green wrapper, bearing a full-page woodcut design, reproducing fourteen portraits of principal characters from "Pickwick."

Price Eightpence.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR BINDING WITH THE CHEAP EDITION OF THE
WORKS OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

SIXTEEN ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

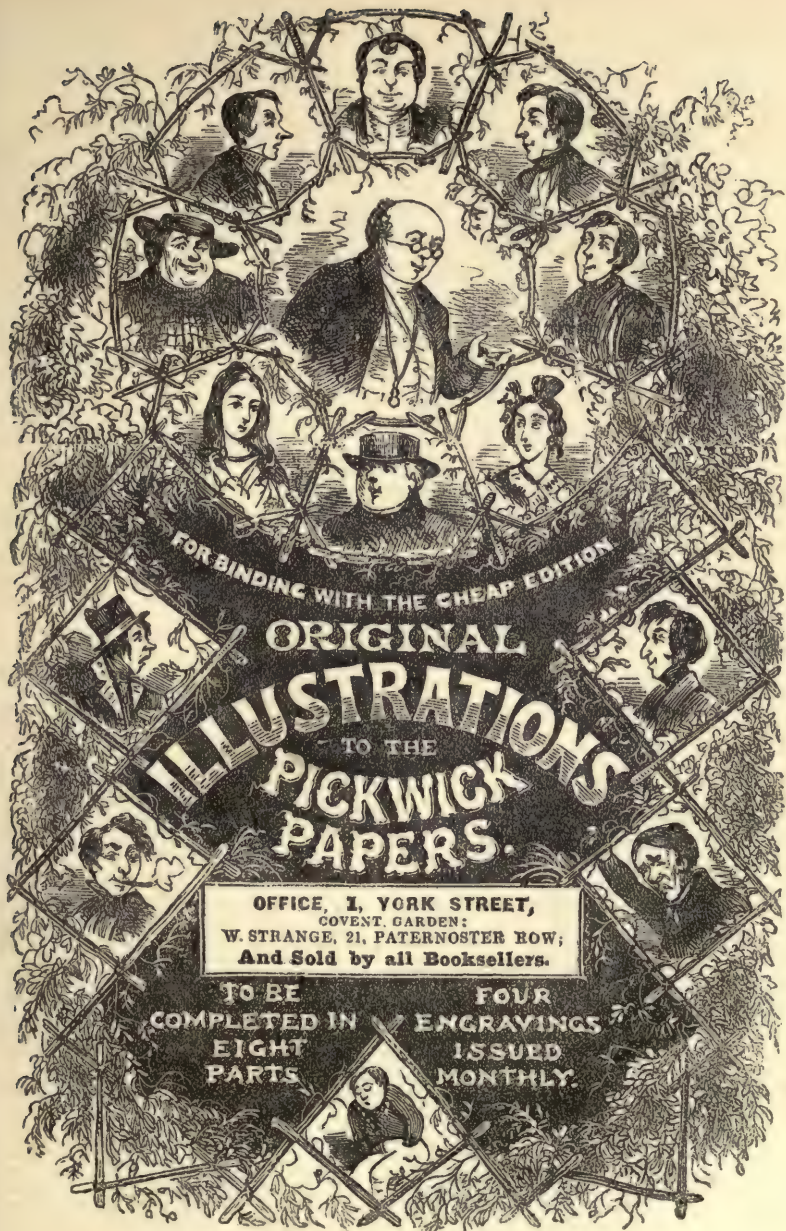
TO THE

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB.

MR. TUPMAN AND JINGLE AT THE CHARITY BALL	1
THE PICKWICKIANS' FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JINGLE	2
THE POOR PANTOMIMIST	3
THE JOURNEY TO DINGLEY DELL	4
SAM WELLER DESCRIBING DOCTORS' COMMONS	5
THE ELOPEMENT	6
THE ELECTION AT EATANSWILL	7
MR. PICKWICK'S IMMORTAL DISCOVERY	8
MRS. LEO HUNTER'S FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE	9
JOB TROTTER BETRAYING HIS MASTER	10
MR. PICKWICK TRESPASSING	11
THE OLD MAN'S TALE ABOUT THE QUEER CLIENT	12
MR. PICKWICK IN AN AWKWARD SITUATION	13
WELLER AND SON ENJOYING THEMSELVES	14
MR. PICKWICK RETURNING FROM THE ICE	15
BOB SAWYER'S LANDLADY "GETTING THE STEAM UP"	16

London: W. STRANGE, 21, Paternoster Row; and all Book-sellers in Town and Country.

Shortly will be published sixteen additional engravings, forming a series of thirty-two illustrations, the best and cheapest to bind with the new edition of "Pickwick."



The wrapper and frontispiece (issued with the sixteen original woodcut illustrations), reproducing fourteen character portraits of the principal personages in "The Pickwick Papers."



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Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."

"THE PICKWICKIANS' FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JINGLE." (Chap. II.)





Pickwick Pictures.
 Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
 "MR. TUPMAN AND JINGLE AT THE CHARITY BALL." (Chap. II.)



Pickwick Pictures.
 Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
 "THE POOR PANTOMIMIST." (Chap. III.)



Pickwick Pictures.
Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
"THE JOURNEY TO DINGLEY DELL." (Chap. V.)



Pickwick-Pictures.

Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."

'NEWS OF THE ELOPEMENT OF MISS WARDLE WITH JINGLE.' (Chap. IX.)



Pickwick Pictures.
Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
"SAM WELLER DESCRIBING DOCTORS' COMMONS." (Chap. X.)

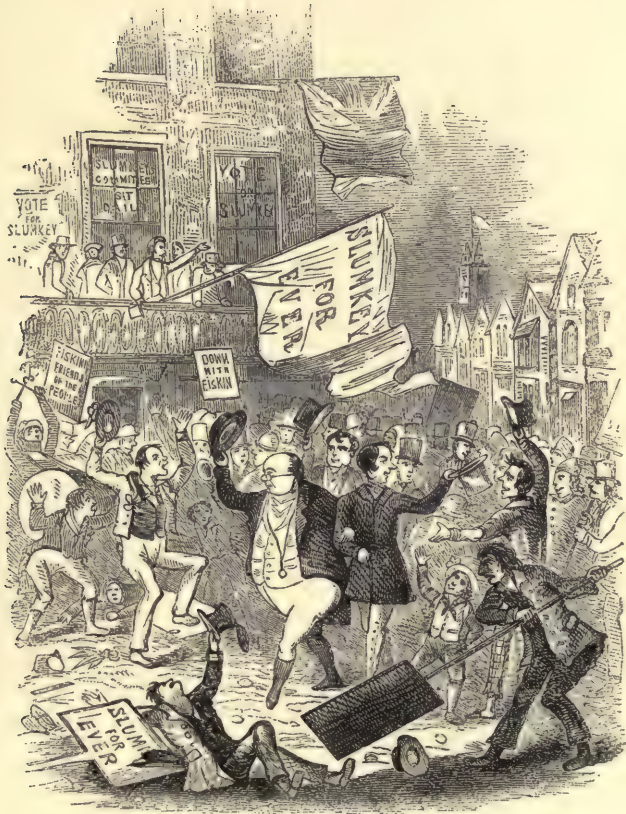


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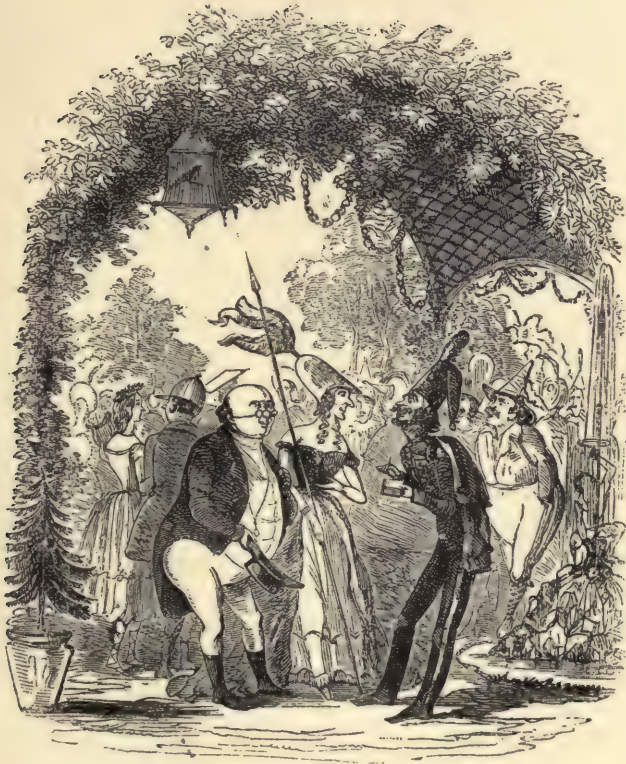
Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."

"MR. PICKWICK'S IMMORTAL ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY." (Chap. XI.

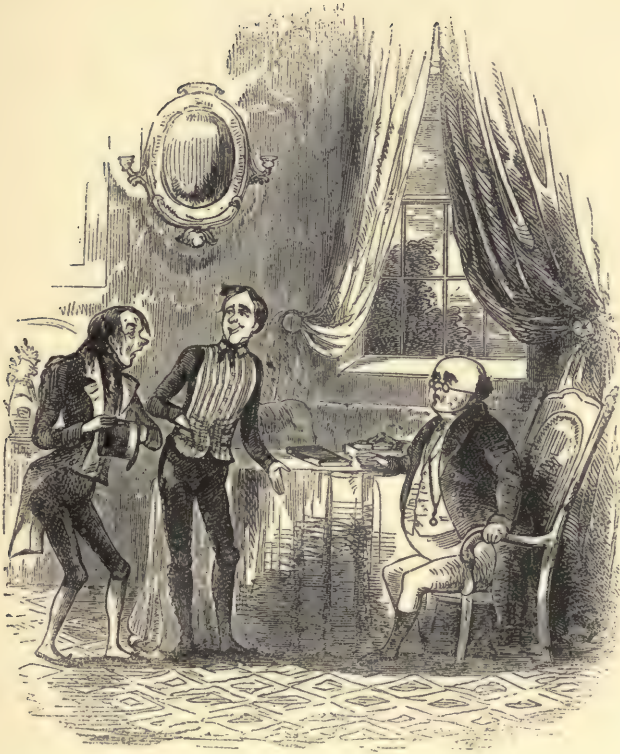




Pickwick Pictures.
 Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
 "THE ELECTION AT EATANSWILL." (Chap. XIII.)



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 Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
 "MRS. LEO HUNTER'S FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE," (Chap. XV.)



Pickwick Pictures.
Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
"JOB TROTTER BETRAYING HIS MASTER." (Chap. XVI.)



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Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
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Pickwick Pictures.
Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
"THE OLD MAN'S TALE ABOUT THE QUEER CLIENT." (Chap. XXI.)



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Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
"MR. PICKWICK IN AN AWKWARD SITUATION." (Chap. XXII.)



Pickwick Pictures.
Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
"WELLER AND SON ENJOYING THEMSELVES." (Chap. XXIII.)





Pickwick Pictures.
Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."
"MR. PICKWICK RETURNING FROM THE ICE." (Chap. XXX.)



Pickwick Pictures.

Original illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers."

"BOB SAWYER'S LANDLADY 'GETTING THE STEAM UP.'" (Chap. XXXII.)

SIR JOHN GILBERT

APPLEYARD'S EDITION.

THIRTY-TWO PLATES

TO ILLUSTRATE THE CHEAP EDITION OF THE
POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB

BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY JOHN GILBERT

(Later Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY MESSRS. GREENAWAY AND WRIGHT.

LONDON :

F. APPLEYARD, Publisher, 86, Farringdon Street.

Undated. (1847.)

LIST OF THIRTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

TO

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THE PICKWICKIANS. Chap. I.	1
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32 PLATES.

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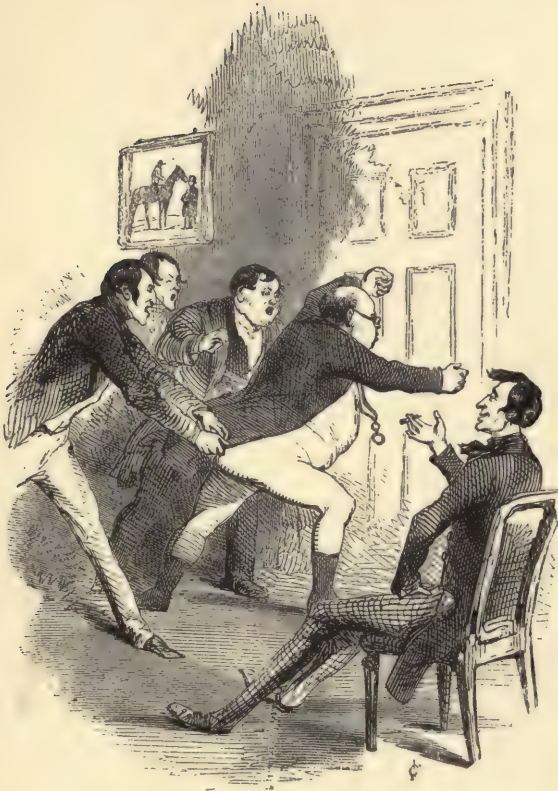
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ENGRAVED BY MESSRS. GREENAWAY AND WRIGHT.
LONDON : E. APPLEYARD, PUBLISHER, 86, FARRINGTON STREET.



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"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"THE PICKWICKIANS." (Chap. I.)



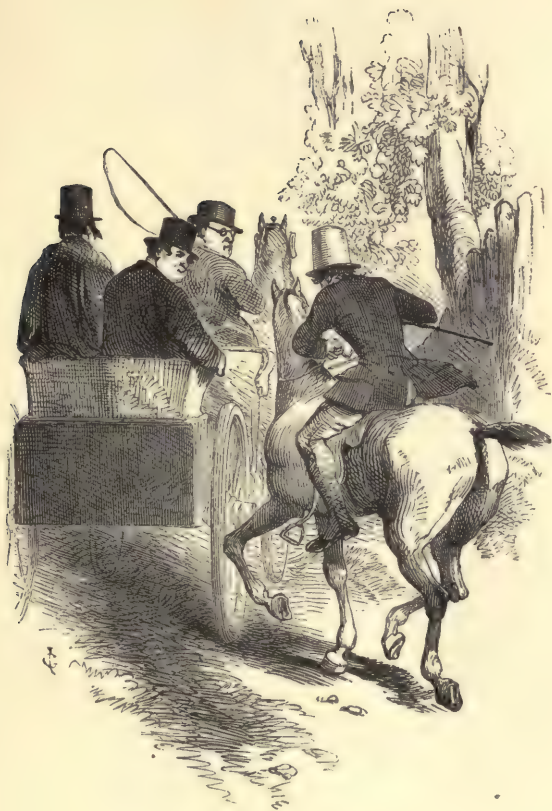
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"MR. PICKWICK'S EXCITEMENT AT THE ABRUPT DEPARTURE OF DR. PAYNE." (Chap. III.)



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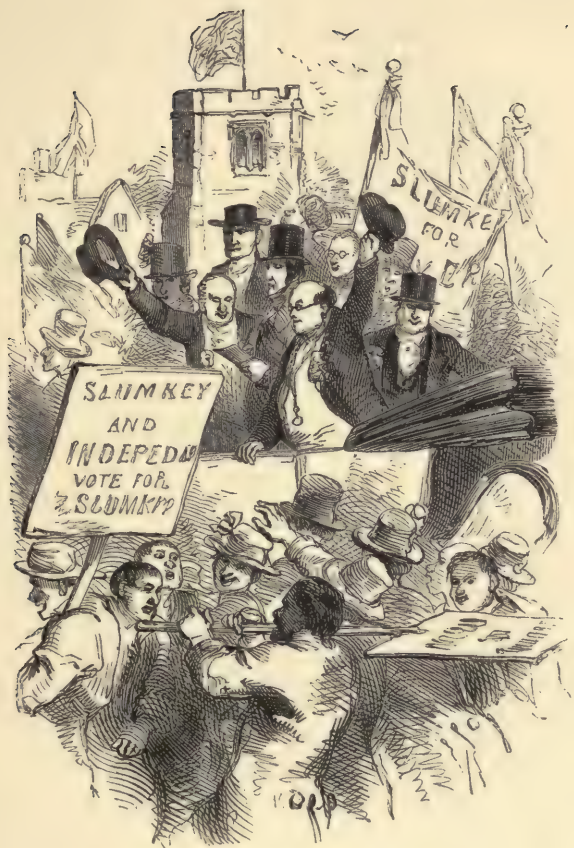
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"MR. SAMUEL WELLER." (Chap. X.)



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"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

"MR. TUFMAN TURNS ANCHORITE AND IS VISITED IN HIS RETREAT BY HIS FRIENDS.
(Chap. XI.)



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 "ELECTION FOR EATANSWILL." (Chap. XIII.)



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"CAPTAIN BOLDWIG DISCOVERS MR. PICKWICK ASLEEP ON HIS GROUNDS." (Chap. XIX.)



Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.
"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"OLD WELLER."

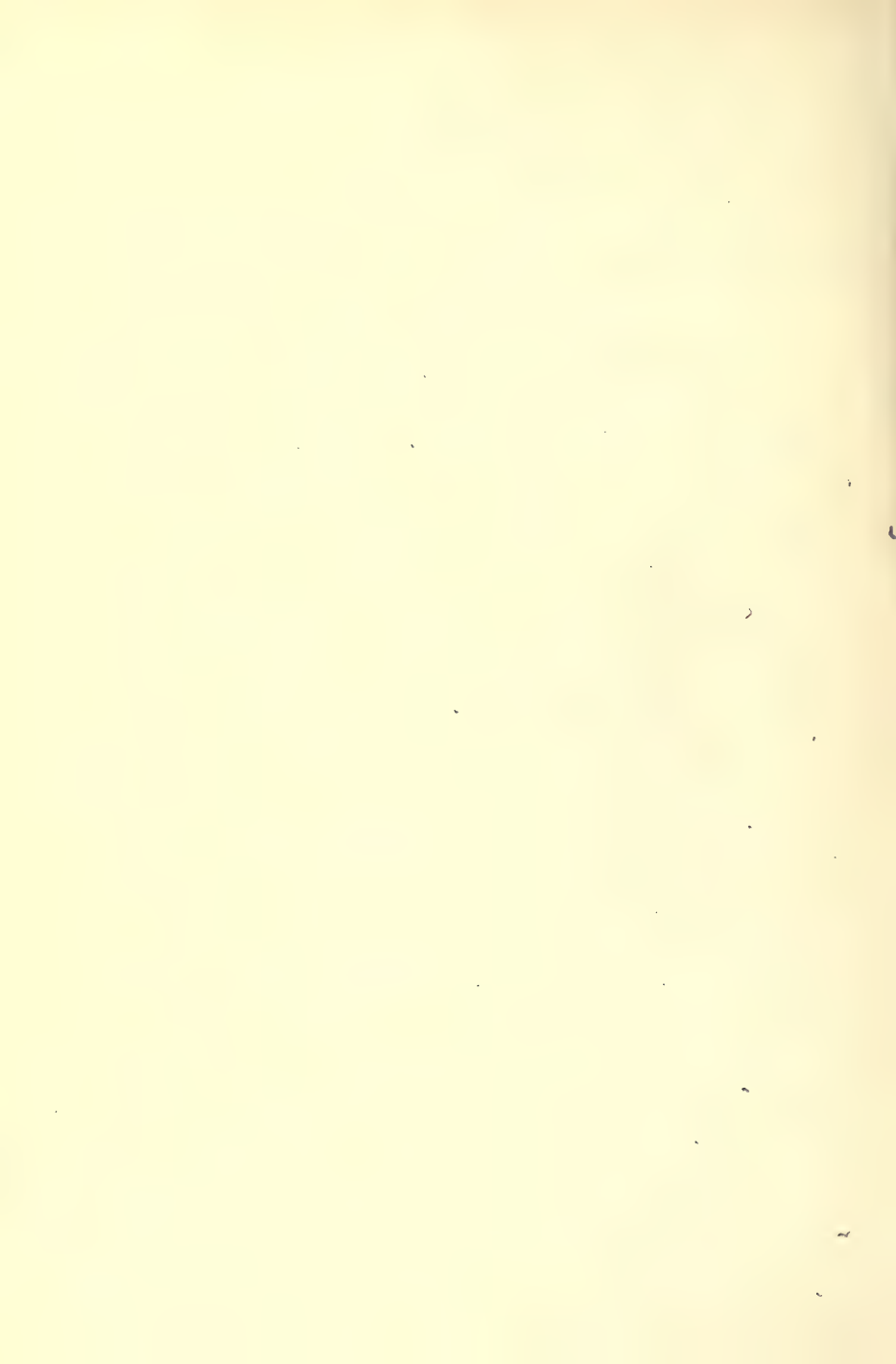
"Wy, Sammy," said the father, "I ha'n't seen you for two year and better." Chap. XX.



Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.
"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"THE STORY OF THE QUEER CLIENT," (Chap. XXI.)



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"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"MR. PICKWICK FINDS HIMSELF IN THE WRONG BEDROOM." (Chap. XXII.)





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"THE FIRST PASSAGE IN MR. SAMUEL WELLER'S FIRST LOVE." (Chap. XXV.),



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"REV. MR. STIGGINS," (Chap. XXVII.)



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"MR. PICKWICK AND THE OLD LADY PROVE THAT THEIR DANCING DAYS ARE NOT
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"GRAND CAROUSE IN HONOUR OF MR. PICKWICK'S ESCAPE FROM THE ICE." (Chap. XXX.)



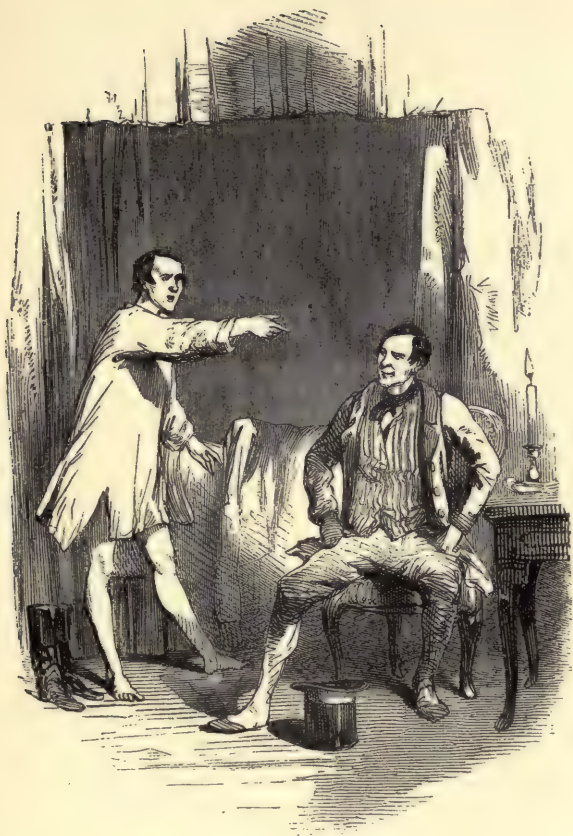
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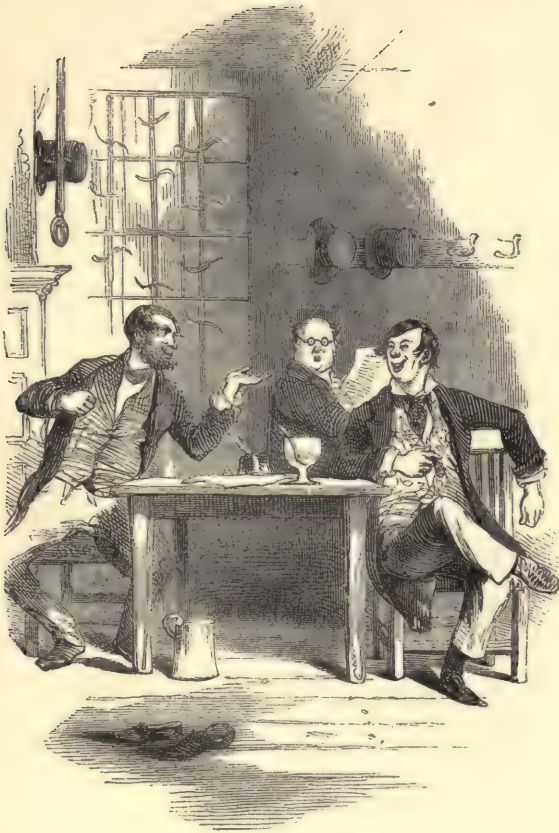
"SAM WELLER COMPOSES HIS FIRST LOVE-LETTER." (Chap. XXXIII.)



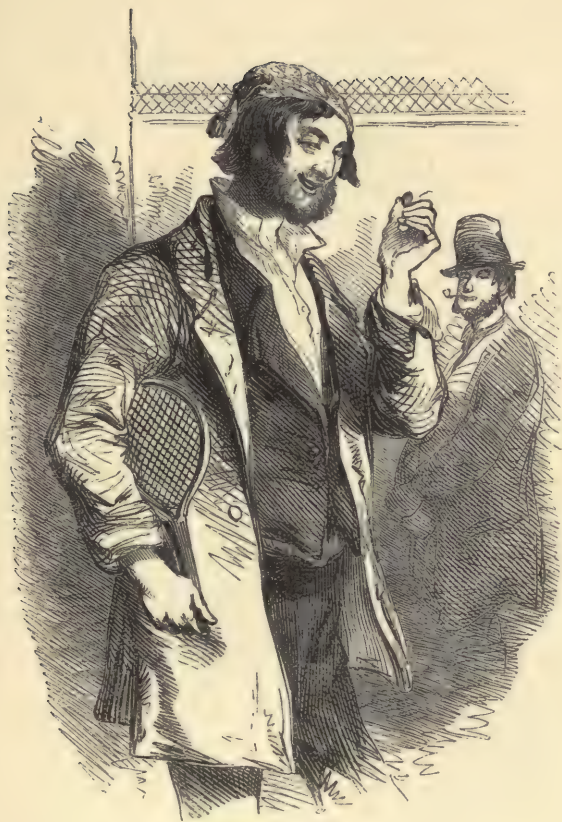
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"THE *Soirée* OF THE BATH FOOTMEN." (Chap. XXXVII.)



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"SAM'S DETERMINATION NOT TO LEAVE MR. WINKLE." (Chap. XXXVIII.)



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"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"MR. PICKWICK IN THE SPONGING HOUSE." (Chap. XL.)



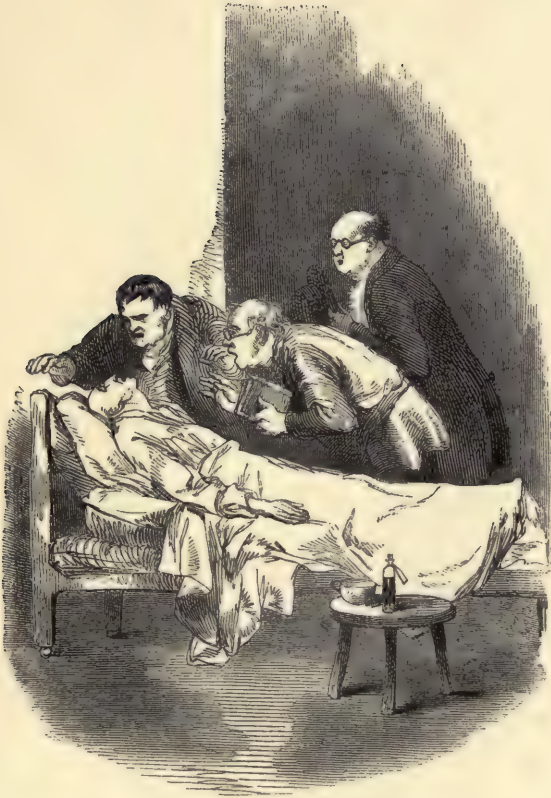
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"MR. SMANGLE." (Chap. XLI.)



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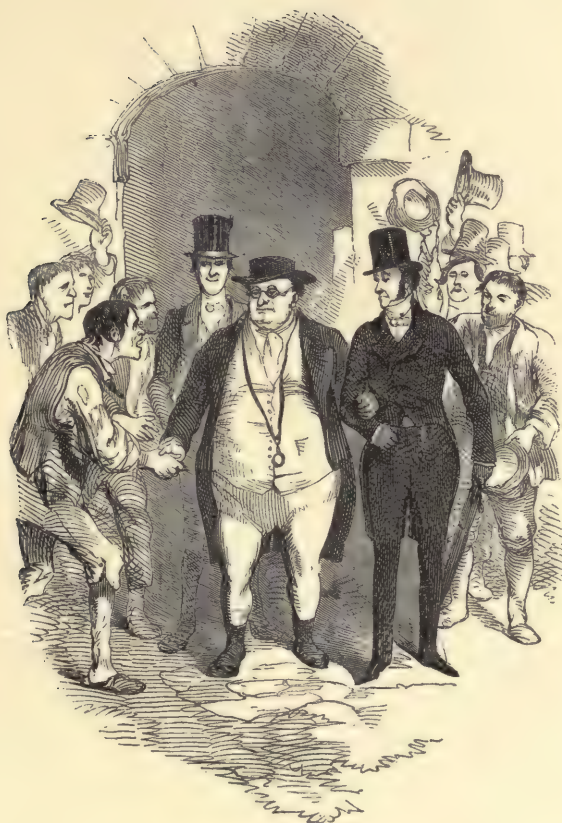
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Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.
"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"MR. PICKWICK LEAVING THE FLEET." (Chap. XLVII.)



Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.
"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"THE BAGMAN'S STORY." (Chap. XLIX.)



Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

"SAM FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO DECIPHER HIS FATHER'S LETTER WITHOUT ASSISTANCE." (Chap. I.II.)



Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

"MR. WELLER'S HORROR AND ALARM AT THE ATTENTIONS OF THE BUXOM FEMALE." (Chap. LII.)

"Here the speaker looked affectionately at the elder Mr. Weller."



Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.
"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"THE FAT BOY." (Chap. LIV.)

HABLÔT KNIGHT BROWNE—"PHIZ"

“PHIZ” VIGNETTES, 1858-59

H. K. Browne executed a fresh series of twenty-two water-colour drawings on a miniature scale, very delicately finished, to serve as “vignettes” for “The Library Edition” of Dickens’s works, as issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, in 1858-59, in twenty-two volumes.

The new series of “PHIZ” designs, on a reduced scale, were engraved on steel in a highly finished and spirited style. The respective engravings each appeared on a separate plate, without any further inscription, and these were used as vignettes on the title-page to each volume; titles and letterpress being worked separately, and printed in type on the spaces left blank above and below the delicate little illustrations in question.

FIRST "LIBRARY EDITION" 1858—59

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"On the First of January, 1858, will be published the first Monthly Volume, price Six Shillings, of a new and complete Library Edition of the works of Mr. Charles Dickens, beautifully printed in Post Octavo, and carefully revised by the Author.

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The first volume of this series appeared with a dedication to John Forster.

"The Pickwick Papers" were issued in two volumes; the title-page to each volume presented a fresh design by H. K. Browne, engraved on a reduced scale, as a vignette, the title, etc., being printed in type.

The two "Pickwick Vignettes," apart from the original context, as described, are offered in this place:—

Vol. I. Yard of the Bull Inn, Whitechapel; Mr. Pickwick setting out for Ipswich by Tony Weller's coach.

Vol. II. Sam and Mary:—Sam finds it difficult to decipher his father's letter without assistance.



"PHIZ" Vignettes.

"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

"YARD OF THE 'BULL INN,' WHITECHAPEL." (Chap. XXII.)

"Mr. Pickwick setting out for Ipswich by Tony Weller's coach."

These vignettes were used on the title-pages of the "Library Edition," 1858.



"PHIZ," Vignettes.

"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

"SAM AND MARY." (Chap. LII.)

"Sam finds it difficult to decipher his father's letter without assistance."

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“PHIZ.”—HABLÔT KNIGHT BROWNE

“PHIZ’S” ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION (1874)

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"The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," by Charles Dickens.

FRONTISPIECE. Vignette. (Chap. XIX.)

Title-page to "The Household Edition," 1874.

With fifty-seven illustrations by "PHIZ."



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"'COME ON,' SAID THE CAB-DRIVER, SPARRING AWAY LIKE CLOCKWORK. 'COME ON—ALL FOUR ON YOU!'" (Chap. II.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"CHARITY BALL AT THE BULL INN, ROCHESTER."

"'What! introducing his friend!'" (Chap. II.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE REVIEW."

"Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle each performed a compulsory summerset with remarkable agility." (Chap. IV.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ"

"THE REFRACTORY STEED."

"The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing with the chaise whip in his hand." (Chap. V.)



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"MR. TUPMAN HAD SAVED THE LIVES OF INNUMERABLE UNOFFENDING BIRDS BY RECEIVING A PORTION OF THE CHARGE IN HIS LEFT ARM." (Chap. VII.)



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"GOD BLESS ME! WHAT'S THE MATTER?" (Chap. XI.)



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"TAKE THIS LITTLE VILLAIN AWAY!" SAID THE AGONISED MR. PICKWICK." (Chap. XII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE ELECTION."

" 'He has come out,' said little Mr. Perker, greatly excited " (Chap. XIII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

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"THE CHAIR WAS AN UGLY OLD GENTLEMAN; AND WHAT WAS WORSE, HE WAS WINKING AT TOM SMART." (Chap. XIV.)



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"PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MY FRIENDS—MR. TUPMAN—MR. WINKLE—MR. SNODGRASS," &c. (Chap. XV.)



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"WHO ARE YOU, YOU RASCAL? SAID THE CAPTAIN, ADMINISTERING SEVERAL POKES MR. PICKWICK'S BODY WITH THE THICK STICK. 'WHAT'S YOUR NAME?'" (Chap XIX.)



Original drawing by "PHIZ," 1874.

Designed for "The Household Edition" of "The Pickwick Papers."

The figure of "Mr. Pickwick" only was used in the vignette.

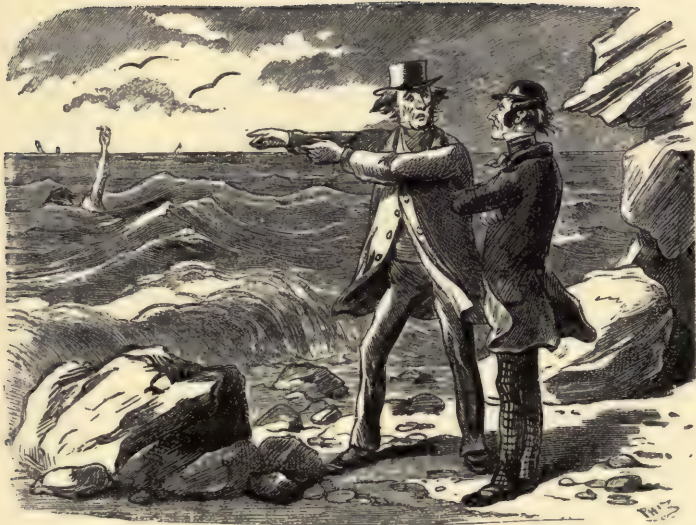
"MR. PICKWICK IN THE POUND. 'WHERE AM I?'" (Chap. XIX.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"'YOU JUST COME AWAY," SAID MR. WELLER. 'BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK'S A WERY GOOD GAME, VHEN YOU AN'T THE SHUTTLECOCK AND TWO LAWYERS THE BATTLE-DORES!'" (Chap. XX.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"'HEYLING!' SAID THE OLD MAN WILDLY. 'MY BOY, HEYLING, MY DEAR BOY, LOOK, LOOK!' GASPING FOR BREATH, THE MISERABLE FATHER POINTED TO THE SPOT WHERE THE YOUNG MAN WAS STRUGGLING FOR LIFE." (Chap. XXI.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"STANDING BEFORE THE DRESSING-GLASS WAS A MIDDLE-AGED LADY IN YELLOW CURTAIN PAPERS, BUSILY ENGAGED IN BRUSHING WHAT LADIES CALL THEIR 'BACK HAIR.'" (Chap. XXII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHILZ."

"MR. PICKWICK NO SOONER PUT ON HIS SPECTACLES, THAN HE AT ONCE RECOGNISED IN THE FUTURE MRS. MAGNUS THE LADY INTO WHOSE ROOM HE HAD SO UNWARRANTABLY INTRUDED ON THE PREVIOUS NIGHT." (Chap. XXIV.)



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"THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENED, AND IN WALKED MR. JOB TROTTER." (Chap. XXV.)



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"SAM LOOKED AT THE FAT BOY WITH GREAT ASTONISHMENT, BUT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD."
(Chap. XXVIII.)



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"BEFORE MR. PICKWICK DISTINCTLY KNEW WHAT WAS THE MATTER, HE WAS SURROUNDED BY THE WHOLE BODY, AND KISSED BY EVERY ONE OF THEM." (Chap. XXVIII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE STORY OF THE GOBLINS WHO STOLE A SEXTON."

"Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure."
(Chap. XXIX.)





Original drawing by "PHIZ," 1876.

Designed for "The Household Edition" of "The Pickwick Papers."

This drawing was not reproduced.

"END OF MR. WINKLE'S SKATING."

" 'I wish you'd let me bleed you,' said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness. 'Take his skates off,' said Mr. Pickwick in a stern voice." (Chap. XXX.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MR. PICKWICK . . . WENT SLOWLY AND GRAVELY DOWN THE SLIDE, WITH HIS FEET ABOUT A YARD AND A QUARTER APART, AMIDST THE GRATIFIED SHOUTS OF ALL THE SPECTATORS." (Chap. XXX.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"BOB SAWYER'S BACHELOR PARTY."

"A little fierce woman bounced into the room, all in a tremble with passion, and pale with rage." (Chap. XXXII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE."

"Mr. Weller, Senior, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested Sam to fire away." (Chap. XXXIII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE BRICK LANE BRANCH OF THE UNITED GRAND JUNCTION EBENEZER TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION."

"Before Sam could interfere to prevent it, his heroic parent had penetrated into a remote corner of the room, and attacked the reverend Mr. Stiggins with manual dexterity." (Chap. XXXIII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE MEMORABLE TRIAL OF BARDELL AGAINST PICKWICK."

"An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation." (Chap. XXXIV.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BATH."

"Poor Mr. Pickwick! he had never played with three thorough-paced female card-players before." (Chap. XXXV.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"EXTRAORDINARY CALAMITY THAT BEFELL MR. WINKLE."

"He no sooner heard the horrible threat of the valorous Dowler, than he bounced out of the sedan." (Chap. XXXVI.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE BATH FOOTMEN'S 'SWARRY.'"

"Mr. Tuckle, dressed out with the cocked-hat and stick, danced the frog hornpipe among the shells on the table." (Chap. XXXVII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MR. BOB SAWYER'S BOY PEEPED THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR, AND THUS LISTENED AND LOOKED ON AT THE SAME TIME." (Chap. XXXVIII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"SAM WELLER'S MISSION TO MR. WINKLE."

"'Unlock that door, and leave this room immediately, sir,' said Mr. Winkle." (Chap. XXXVIII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"'MY DEAR,' SAID MR. PICKWICK, LOOKING OVER THE WALL, AND CATCHING SIGHT OF ARABELLA ON THE OTHER SIDE, 'DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MY DEAR, 'TIS ONLY ME.'"
(Chap. XXXIX.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"IN THE FLEET PRISON—MR. PICKWICK SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT." (Chap. XL.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MR. PICKWICK'S FIRST EXPERIENCES OF THE FLEET PRISON."

"With this, the speaker snatched that article of dress from Mr. Pickwick's head."
(Chap. XLI.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MR. PICKWICK DISCOVERS JINGLE IN THE FLEET PRISON."

"Letting his hat fall on the floor, he stood perfectly fixed and immovable with astonishment." (Chap. XLII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"SAM, HAVING BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED AS THE OFFSPRING OF MR. WELLER, OF THE BELLE SAVAGE, WAS TREATED WITH MARKED DISTINCTION." (Chap. XLIII.)



"Posthumous Papers of Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"SAM WELLER IN THE FLEET PRISON."

"Will you allow me to inquire w'y you make up your bed under that 'ere deal table?' said Sam." (Chap. XLIV.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MR. STIGGINS, GETTING ON HIS LEGS AS WELL AS HE COULD, PROCEEDED TO DELIVER AN EDIFYING DISCOURSE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COMPANY." (Chap. XLV.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MRS. BARDELL A PRISONER IN THE FLEET."

"Mrs. Bardell screamed violently; Tommy roared; Mrs. Cluppins shrunk within herself; and Mrs. Sanders made off without more ado." (Chap. XLVI.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"RETURN OF MR. AND MRS. WINKLE."

"Mr. Pickwick could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses." (Chap. XLVII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE STORY OF THE BAGMAN'S UNCLE."

"These attentions were directed, not towards him, but to a young lady who just then appeared at the foot of the steps." (Chap. XLIX.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MR. PICKWICK'S MISSION."

Mr. Bob Sawyer was seated, not in the dickey, but on the roof of the chaise."
(Chap. L.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. PICKWICK AND MR. WINKLE'S FATHER."

"Mr. Ben Allen becoming suddenly aware that he is in the presence of a stranger,"
(Chap. L.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"SNATCHING UP A MEAL-SACK, EFFECTUALLY STOPPED THE CONFLICT BY DRAWING IT OVER THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE MIGHTY POTT." (Chap. LI.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE ELDER WELLER HAS A LITTLE SETTLEMENT WITH MR. STIGGINS."

"It was a still more exciting spectacle to behold Mr. Weller immersing Mr. Stiggins's head in a horse-trough full of water, and holding it there until he was half suffocated." (Chap. LII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MR. PICKWICK HAS A FINAL SETTLEMENT WITH DODSON AND FOGG."

"'I say insolent familiarity, sir,' said Mr. Pickwick, turning upon Fogg with a fierceness of gesture which caused that person to retreat towards the door with great expedition." (Chap. LIII.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"MARY ENTERTAINS THE FAT BOY AT DINNER."

"'I say, how nice you look!'" (Chap. LIV.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"THE ELDER WELLER ENTERTAINS MR. SOLOMON PELL."

"The mottle-faced gentleman reviewed the company, and slowly lifted his hand"
(Chap. LV.)



"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Illustrated by "PHIZ."

"ARABELLA AND WINKLE'S FATHER."

"The words were scarcely out of the old gentleman's lips, when footsteps were heard ascending the stairs." (Chap. LVI.)

AUGUSTUS DULCKEN. 1861.

SCENES FROM "THE PICKWICK PAPERS"

DESIGNED AND DRAWN ON STONE BY

AUGUSTUS DULCKEN.

LONDON: BICKERS AND BUSH, 1, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Proofs, 10s. 6d.

Four subjects executed in folio, drawings on stone; enclosed within a tinted wrapper, decorated with sketches arranged in compartments. In the centre is a figure intended for Mr. Pickwick; on the left-hand corner we have the rook-shooting incident, Wardle is seen blazing away at the rooks, while Winkle, gazing at a bird perched above his head, is discharging his barrel point-blank into Tupman's right arm. In the corresponding corner compartment on the right, is shown the tea-and-toast entertainment at the "Marquis o' Granby"; the Shepherd being refreshed and comforted by the fireside in Mrs. Weller's "snug parlour," while Sam Weller is leaning over the bar on the outside, contemplating the voracity of Stiggins. Below, to right and left, each figure standing beneath a sort of Gothic bracket arrange-

ment, are character studies, carrying out the designer's conceptions of Jingle, with his mulberry-liveried confederate, Job Trotter, busied with the hymn book.

The situations selected for pictorial treatment on a large scale (oblong folio) are :—

1. The death of the poor prisoner, with the cobbler reading by his bedside ; Mr. Pickwick and Sam are seen walking into the dreary apartment. (Chap. XLIV.)

“ It was a large, bare, desolate room, with a number of stump bedsteads made of iron, on one of which lay stretched, the shadow of a man, wan, pale, and ghastly.” (Chap. XLIV.)

2. Stiggins's arrival at the “Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association” tea meeting, held in a loft :—

“ ‘It's my opinion, Sir, that this meeting is drunk, Sir,’ said Mr. Stiggins.” (Chap. XXXII.)

3. Sam Weller a guest at the meeting of the Bath Footmen's Social Club, the “Leg of Mutton Swarry,” held at the green-grocer's rooms, “P. J. Harris : Evening Parties Attended.”

“ ‘Gentlemen, my friend Mr. Whiffers has resigned.’ ” (Chap. XXXVII.)

4. The story about a queer client.

“ ‘Heyling !’ said the old man, wildly—‘My boy, Heyling, my dear boy, look ! look !’ Gasping for breath, the miserable father pointed to the spot where the young man was struggling for life.” (Chap. XXI.)

EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH GREGO.

[*NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.*]

THE STORY OF THE GOBLINS WHO STOLE A SEXTON.

Chap. XXIX.

- “THE SEXTON, GABRIEL GRUB, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, GOING TO RAISE
HIS SPIRITS BY DIGGING A GRAVE IN THE CHURCHYARD” 431
- “WHOLE TROOPS OF GOBLINS POURED INTO THE CHURCHYARD, AND
BEGAN PLAYING AT LEAPFROG WITH THE TOMBSTONES.” 433
- “THE GOBLIN’S PICTURE GALLERY.” 435

THE STORY OF THE BAGMAN’S UNCLE. Chap. XLVIII.

“The ghostly passengers in the ghost of a mail.”

- “MR. PICKWICK AT ‘THE BUSH,’ BRISTOL” 437
- “THE PASSENGERS IN THE GHOST OF THE OLD EDINBURGH AND
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EDINBURGH” 445



"The Story of the Goblins who Stole a Sexton."

Illustrated by Joseph Grego.

"THE SEXTON, GABRIEL GRUB, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, GOING TO RAISE HIS SPIRITS BY DIGGING A GRAVE IN THE CHURCHYARD."

"As he went his way, up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub." (Chap. XXIX.)



"The Story of the Goblins who Stole a Sexton."

Illustrated by Joseph Grego.

"WHOLE TROOPS OF GOBLINS Poured INTO THE CHURCHYARD, AND BEGAN PLAYING AT LEAP-FROG WITH THE TOMBSTONES; NEVER STOPPING FOR AN INSTANT TO TAKE BREATH, BUT 'OVERING' THE HIGHEST AMONGST THEM, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, WITH THE MOST MARVELLOUS DEXTERITY." (Chap. XXIX.)



"The Story of the Goblins who Stole a Sexton."

Illustrated by Joseph Grego.

"THE GOBLIN PICTURE GALLERY."

" 'And now,' said the Goblin King, 'show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our own great storehouse!'" (Chap. XXIX.)



"The Story of the Bagman's Uncle."

Illustrated by Joseph Grego.

"MR. PICKWICK AT THE 'BUSH,' BRISTOL."

"The one-eyed bagman and the landlord drinking a bowl of bishop together."

"He was a wonderful man, that uncle of yours, though," remarked the landlord, shaking his head. "Well, I think he was; I think I may say he was," answered the one-eyed man. "I could tell you a story about that same uncle, gentleman, that would rather surprise you." "Could you?" said Mr. Pickwick. "Let us hear it, by all means." (Chap. XLVIII.)



"The Story of the Bagman's Uncle."

Illustrated by Joseph Grego.

"THE PASSENGERS IN THE GHOST OF THE OLD EDINBURGH AND LONDON MAIL."

"'Now, gentlemen,' said my uncle, taking his seat deliberately, 'I don't want to have any death, with or without lightning, in a lady's presence, and we have had quite blood and thundering enough for one journey; so, if you please, we'll sit in our places like quiet insides. Here, guard, pick up that gentleman's carving-knife. Allow me to return you your hat, sir.'" (Chap. XLIX.)



"The Story of the Bagman's Uncle."

Illustrated by Joseph Grego.

"'QUIT THE ROOM, OR YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!' SAID THE ILL-LOOKING FELLOW WITH THE LARGE SWORD, DRAWING IT AT THE SAME TIME, AND FLOURISHING IT IN THE AIR. 'DOWN WITH HIM!' CRIED THE GENTLEMAN IN SKY-BLUE, DRAWING HIS SWORD ALSO, AND FALLING BACK TWO OR THREE YARDS. 'DOWN WITH HIM!' THE LADY GAVE A LOUD SCREAM." (Chap. XLIX.)



"The Story of the Bagman's Uncle."

Illustrated by Joseph Grego.

"THE LADY STEPPED LIGHTLY ASIDE, AND SNATCHING THE YOUNG MAN'S SWORD FROM HIS HAND, BEFORE HE HAD RECOVERED HIS BALANCE, DROVE HIM TO THE WALL, AND RUNNING IT THROUGH HIM, AND THE PANELLING, UP TO THE VERY HILT, PINNED HIM THERE, HARD AND FAST. IT WAS A SPLENDID EXAMPLE. MY UNCLE, WITH A LOUD SHOUT OF TRIUMPH, AND A STRENGTH THAT WAS IRRESISTIBLE, MADE HIS ADVERSARY RETREAT IN THE SAME DIRECTION, AND PLUNGING THE OLD RAPIER INTO THE VERY CENTRE OF A LARGE RED FLOWER IN THE PATTERN OF HIS WAISTCOAT, NAILED HIM BESIDE HIS FRIEND. THERE THEY BOTH STOOD, GENTLEMEN, JERKING THEIR ARMS AND LEGS ABOUT, IN AGONY LIKE THE TOY-SHOP FIGURES THAT ARE MOVED BY A PIECE OF PACKTHREAD." (Chap. XLIX.)



"The Story of the Bagman's Uncle."

Illustrated by Joseph Grego.

"MY UNCLE PLIED WHIP AND REIN, AND THE HORSES FLEW ONWARD TILL THEY WERE WHITE WITH FOAM; AND YET THE NOISE BEHIND INCREASED; AND YET THE YOUNG LADY CRIED 'FASTER! FASTER!' MY UNCLE GAVE A LOUD STAMP ON THE BOOT IN THE ENERGY OF THE MOMENT, AND—FOUND THAT IT WAS GREY MORNING, AND HE WAS SITTING IN THE WHEELWRIGHT'S YARD, ON THE BOX OF AN OLD EDINBURGH MAIL, SHIVERING WITH THE COLD AND WET, AND STAMPING HIS FEET TO WARM THEM." (Chap. XLIX.)

FREDERICK W. PAILTHORPE

Published by
MESSRS. ROBSON AND KERSLAKE.
1882.

TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS
TO
THE PICKWICK CLUB.

BY
FREDERICK W. PAILTHORPE.

LONDON :
ROBSON AND KERSLAKE, 43 Cranbourne St., Leicester Square.
1882.

IN the consistent spirit of his graphic predecessors, Mr. Frederick W. Pailthorpe has designed and etched numerous further embellishments for the illustration of the PICKWICK PAPERS. As has been incidentally pointed out in the progress of this work, that ingenious and talented artist enjoys an exhaustive knowledge of the famous epic, and is inspired and actuated by the keenest appreciation of Boz's peculiar humour, which close study has made his own. The sentiment in which Mr. Pailthorpe has approached his author is obviously that of a reverential disciple ; without descending to plagiarism, or, as it may be expressed, "walking away with other men's clothes," his highly trained artistic and receptive faculties have enabled him to produce numerous freshly humorous pictures, illustrating episodes in the resourceful chronicles of the PICKWICK CLUB ; incidents which, until his own graphic powers had given them pictorial embodiment, had never before been illustrated.

The twenty-four novel designs, etched by the artist in 1882, were all executed in pursuance of this ambition, and have enjoyed select appreciation; these "extra plates" intended as a supplementary contribution for the completion of the original series, were issued by Messrs. Robson and Kerslake. It must be acknowledged by all admirers and collectors of "Dickensiana," that Mr. Pailthorpe has admirably succeeded in his first intentions; for these examples, absolutely original in themselves, as described illustrating passages from *Pickwick* which had hitherto escaped the artistic zeal of previous Dickens illustrators, are thoroughly in harmony with the first series of plates to *Pickwick*, to which these etchings are a corollary or supplement; they seem so completely in place between the suites executed by Seymour and PHIZ as to suggest that the artist must have designed these pictures contemporaneously with the original monthly parts, as issued in 1836; while the executive skill displayed in the etching actually harmonises with the manipulative dexterity of the original *Pickwick* artists above-mentioned, through whose productions the reader, familiar with the first issues, must always think of Dickens's characters. These additional embellishments, completely successful in every respect, have by the publishers been kept "select" by being made relatively expensive; had the publishers' intentions ran in another channel as regards obtaining the widest circulation, it is evident that the artist's reputation would have been more popularly spread abroad, and the public delectation increased proportionately.

By the liberality of Mr. Bartholomew Robson, the proprietor of these sprightly plates, we are enabled to reproduce F. W. Pailthorpe's spirited Frontispiece, with a characteristic specimen plate, and we further refer our readers to the list of the twenty-four extra subjects which constitute this unique and appropriate little supplement to the original series of plates adorning the first issue of *Pickwick*, with which Mr. Pailthorpe's praiseworthy etchings are designed to be

incorporated. The Editor's intentions, as concerns the preparation of the present contribution to the subject—**PICTORIAL PICKWICKIANA**—dear to Dickens students, and affectionately regarded by Dickens lovers—are necessarily restricted to reproducing solely those earlier illustrations, poured forth for the embellishment of the favourite and phenomenally successful "book of the century," the various phases and early editions coeval with its first appearance, without aspiring to include recent examples, too numerous and various to be conveniently comprised within these limitations, and, irrespective of artistic merits, otherwise less interesting, as regards the past history of **PICKWICK**, than contemporary versions which bear the stamp of their original parentage. To the acceptable versions produced by this little group of original book-illustrators, strongly impregnated with the characteristics of Boz's youthful times, we feel there is neither inconsistency nor violence to artistic keeping, in adding these fitting productions of Frederick Pailthorpe, whose pride it has been to preserve the old-fashioned spirit of Dickens's early artistic exponents, and to steer clear of modern and up-to-date aspects thus necessarily out of harmony with the recognised sentiments and traditions of the **PICKWICK CLUB**. So realistic is our artist's fidelity to the Boz era that it is difficult to believe that Pailthorpe is otherwise than the contemporary of the actual aboriginal Pickwickians in person.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY FREDERICK W. PAILTHORPE.

Green wrapper printed with repeat of—

"FRONTISPIECE"	1
"CAN WE PUT THIS HORSE UP HERE, MY GOOD WOMAN?"	2
"WHAT DO YOU THINK I SEE IN THIS BLESSED ARBOUR LAST NIGHT?"	3
"LET ME GET AT HIM, PICKWICK!"	4
RECEPTION OF THE PICKWICKIANS AT EATANSWILL	5
"DON'T GO AWAY, MARY," SAID THE BLACK-EYED MAN	6
TOM SMART	7
OVER!	8
THE PARISH CLERK	9
COMFORTABLE QUARTERS	10
"IT'S THE OLD 'UN!"	11
"GOVERNOR IN?"	12
"THE OLD GEN'LM'N AS WORE THE PIGTAIL."	13
"GET ALONG WITH YOU, YOU OLD WRETCH!"	14
"DID YOU SKIN THE GENTLEMAN, SIR?"	15
PRINCE BLADUD INFORMS HIS FATHER THAT HE IS ENGAGED	16
THE SCIENTIFIC GENTLEMAN'S GREAT DISCOVERY	17
"TAKE YOUR HAT OFF!"	18
MR. PICKWICK IN THE SPONGING HOUSE	19
THE PROCESSION TO THE FLEET	20
A PLEASANT PARTY	21
UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF MR. PICKWICK	22
THE BAGMAN'S UNCLE... ..	23
THE FAT BOY IS MYSTERIOUS... ..	24



24

ILLUSTRATIONS

To The

PICKWICK CLUB

BY

Frederick W. Pailthorpe

LONDON

Robson & Keroluka 43 Cranbourne St. Leicester Sq.

1882.



Frederick W. Pailthorpe.

Wrapper and Frontispiece to the Pickwick Illustrations.

Published 1882.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Bartholomew Robson.



Frederick W. Pailthorpe.
THE BAGMAN'S UNCLE.

"The man said who picked him up that he was smiling as merrily as if he had tumbled out for a treat." (Chap. XLIX.)

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Bartholomew Robson,

FREDERICK W. PAILTHORPE.

EXTRA TITLE-PAGES

TO

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

DESIGNED FOR SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUMES II., III., & IV.

Executed for the convenience of Collectors of "Pickwickiana" who are desirous of binding-up sets of the extra illustrations,¹ &c., by these means extending and expanding the original work to Four Volumes.

¹ Illustrations by Seymour, Buss, Phiz, Leech, Crowquill, Onwhyn, and Pailthorpe.

THE

PICKWICK PAPERS
BY
CHARLES DICKENS



F. W. Pailthorpe
WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS, BY SEYMOUR, BUSS, PAIZ, LEECH -

CROWQUILL, ORMEYER AND PAILTHORPE

VOL. II.

Frontispiece to extra volume of "Pickwick."
Reproduced by permission of the designer, F. W. Pailthorpe.

THE

PICKWICK PAPERS
BY
CHARLES DICKENS



F. W. Pailthorpe

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS, BY SEYMOUR, BUSS, PHIZ, LEECH,

CROWQUILL, OSWALD AND PAILTHORPE

VOL. III.

Frontispiece to extra volume of "Pickwick."
Reproduced by permission of the designer, F. W. Pailthorpe.

THE

PICKWICK PAPERS

BY
CHARLES DICKENS.



F. W. Pailthorpe

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS, BY SEYMOUR, BUSS, PHIZ, LEECH

CROWQUILL, ONYON AND PAILTHORPE.

VOL. IV.

Frontispiece to extra volume of "Pickwick."
Reproduced by permission of the designer, F. W. Pailthorpe.

CHARACTER SKETCHES FROM CHARLES
DICKENS

PORTRAYED BY "KYD"

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS,

LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

(Undated.)

THE CHARACTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS

PORTRAYED IN

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES

BY "KYD."

"THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SAM WELLER. Chap. X.	1
MR. STIGGINS. Chap. LII.	2
SERJEANT BUZFUZ. Chap. XXXIV.	3
MR. PICKWICK. Chap. V.	4
MRS. BARDELL. Chap. XII.	5
THE FAT BOY. Chap. IV.	6
MR. WELLER, SENIOR. Chap. XX.	7
MR. JINGLE. Chap. VII.	8

FRED BARNARD.

THE late Fred Barnard, a born artistic humorist, was early inspired by Dickens's writings, and, while still a youthful artist, was delighted to receive from the publishers and the Brothers Dalziel a commission thoroughly after his own heart, and happily suited to his tastes and inclinations, in being associated as illustrator with the production of the popular "Household Edition of Dickens," with its wealth of pictorial embellishments. How characteristically Fred Barnard's genius and his special qualifications were adapted for this undertaking, the very numerous illustrations supplied by his hand are the best possible evidence. "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Tale of Two Cities," "The Christmas Stories," &c., among others, testify to the congenial spirit of humorous appreciation the artist so abundantly possessed. It is noteworthy that Fred Barnard was at his best when illustrating the writings of Charles Dickens, and has particularly justified the policy which selected him as illustrator by the felicitous pictures he has produced to illustrate the "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster, included with the pictorial series of the "Household Edition."

Fred Barnard's inimitable "Dickens Cartoons" are so popularly familiar owing to the various issues given to the public through the publishing auspices of Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, that in this summary of Pickwickian Illustrators it is here unnecessary to say more concerning that gifted artist's highly successful and satisfying conceptions

of Sam Weller, Tony Weller, Jingle, the immortal founder of the Pickwick Club himself, and similarly well-recognised personages drawn from the veracious "Posthumous Papers," characters whose popularity has received a further testimony at the hands of Fred Barnard, who has invariably taken the broadest view of Dickens's humour, as was this comic artist's *forte*.

CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

THE accomplished art of Charles Green, R.I., as it has been recognised by the family of the great novelist, has seldom been employed more sympathetically, or to more excellent advantage, than when that highly-gifted artist—consummate master of the art of painting in water-colours—has employed the full force of his power and knowledge for the adequate illustration of the writings of Charles Dickens.

The pictorial artist's qualifications for this feat are very evident. He possessed a peculiar insight into the creations of the great literary artist; his own peculiar vein of humour was keenly in touch with the individualistic humour of Dickens himself; and he treated with rare discrimination those themes and situations he selected for artistic illustration. While diligently adhering to actual studies from life, his sense of quiet pleasantry, always present, is natural, unforced and spontaneous, harmonising with the literary spirit of the great original, and never lapsing into the element of burlesque. It was the fatal spirit of caricature which the sensitive Dickens dreaded and found uncongenial, as ill according with his own serious intentions.

Concerning the great literary humourist in this connection, it is noteworthy that amongst the crowd of illustrators and artists who have gained reputation in this particular field—delineators grotesque, farcical, serious, or what not, according to their respective vocations—it has been acknowledged by those who had the best possible reasons for arriving at the novelist's predilections, Charles Green was the one artist who seemed to be in completely harmonious accord

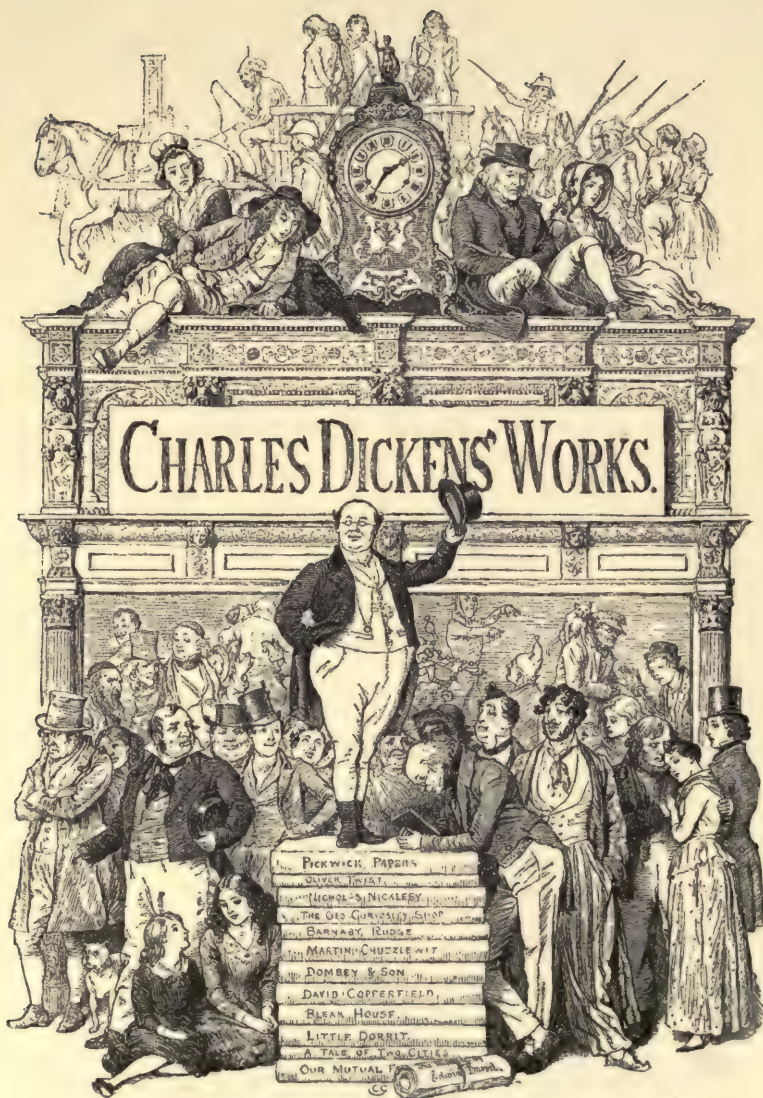
with Dickens's own conceptions of his writings and his real intentions. The novelist accepted himself as a seriously earnest literary artist ; his method of working is well known ; by direct studies from actual persons and localities, and the pains of going to nature in the spirit of an artist seeking truth, he has contrived to endow his fictions with those realistic aspects solely obtainable by this painstaking practice. The consistent study of nature and "working from the life," was his accepted theory of conscientious realism, and it was in this spirit that Charles Green has conceived and carried out all his Dickens pictures. Reference has been made to the beautiful series of ambitious water-colour drawings contributed by Charles Green to successive exhibitions of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. In a collected form this truly noteworthy suite, for the most part executed as a commission for the artist's friend, Mr. William Lockwood, of Nottingham, may be accepted as an adequate memorial alike of Charles Dickens and of his familiar fictions.

In similar spirit of reverence for the originals, Charles Green has illustrated with completely realistic fidelity and painstaking adherence to the actual studies from nature, "The Old Curiosity Shop" for the pictorial "Household Edition," as issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall ; and in later years, on a commission from Messrs. A. and F. Pears, to his hand has fallen the congenial task, a labour of love, of fully illustrating the famous cycle of Christmas stories, "The Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man," successive issues of "Pears' Annual." It may be averred that these sympathetic stories have never before reached the public under similarly advantageous aspects as regards the pictorial side, and in this graphic form their circulation has been correspondingly large, extending over the whole world.

Amongst the examples of Charles Green's art in the "Pickwickian" field, we have been enabled to reproduce the

artist's realistic version of the famous opening session of the "Pickwick Club" (as veraciously related by Charles Dickens as "Mr. Secretary Boz"), with the immortal founder shown in the historical action of addressing his faithful disciples and followers. For the privilege of offering this example, now engraved for the first time, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to the liberal spirit of Mr. William Lockwood, of Aspley Hall, the enlightened collector already mentioned as having secured Charles Green's inimitable series of ambitious water-colour drawings inspired by the appreciative study of Dickens's writings, and contributed by the artist over long successive years to the annual exhibitions of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, of which the late Charles Green was a much esteemed member from a very early stage in his artistic career to his recent decease.

It may be here recorded that the last work illustrated by Charles Green was one of Dickens's masterpieces, "Great Expectations." The drawings by this incomparable "vanished hand" were completely in harmony with the story, thus for the first time adequately illustrated. The designs, executed for Chapman and Hall, were successfully reproduced by photogravure; it is pathetic to recall that the completed work, embellished with the refined and sympathetic plates in question, only reached the artist on his death-bed.



Charles Green, R.I.

Frontispiece to the Pictorial Edition of Dickens's Complete Works.
(Illustrated with upwards of nine hundred engravings.)

H. M. PAGET.

PICKWICK PICTURES (IN COLOURS).

PICKWICK PICTURES.

A SERIES OF CHARACTER SKETCHES

FROM

“THE PICKWICK PAPERS.”

By H. M. PAGET.

LONDON : ERNEST NISTER, 24 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.

1891.

Printed (by chromo-lithography) by E. Nister,
Nuremberg, Bavaria.

MR. SERJEANT BUZFUZ.

SAM WELLER.

MR. PICKWICK ADDRESSING THE PICKWICK CLUB.

(This subject is also printed in colours on the tinted
wrapper.)

MR. PICKWICK AND THE MIDDLE-AGED LADY.

ALFRED JINGLE, ESQ.

THE FAT BOY.

CHRISTOPHER COVENY

(SYDNEY)

PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS H. FEILDING,
SYDNEY. 1883.

TWENTY SCENES
FROM
THE WORKS OF DICKENS,
DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY
CHRISTOPHER COVENY.

SYDNEY :
PRINTED FOR THOS. H. FEILDING,
BY
JOHN SANDS, 374 GEORGE STREET.
1883.

[With full-page etchings, crowded with figures. Size of actual
work, 8 x 5.]

ELEVEN PLATES
TO ILLUSTRATE
"THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

[With a truly wonderful title-page etching, an ingenious
nightmare of characters selected with a free hand from the
works of Charles Dickens.]

SCENES FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY

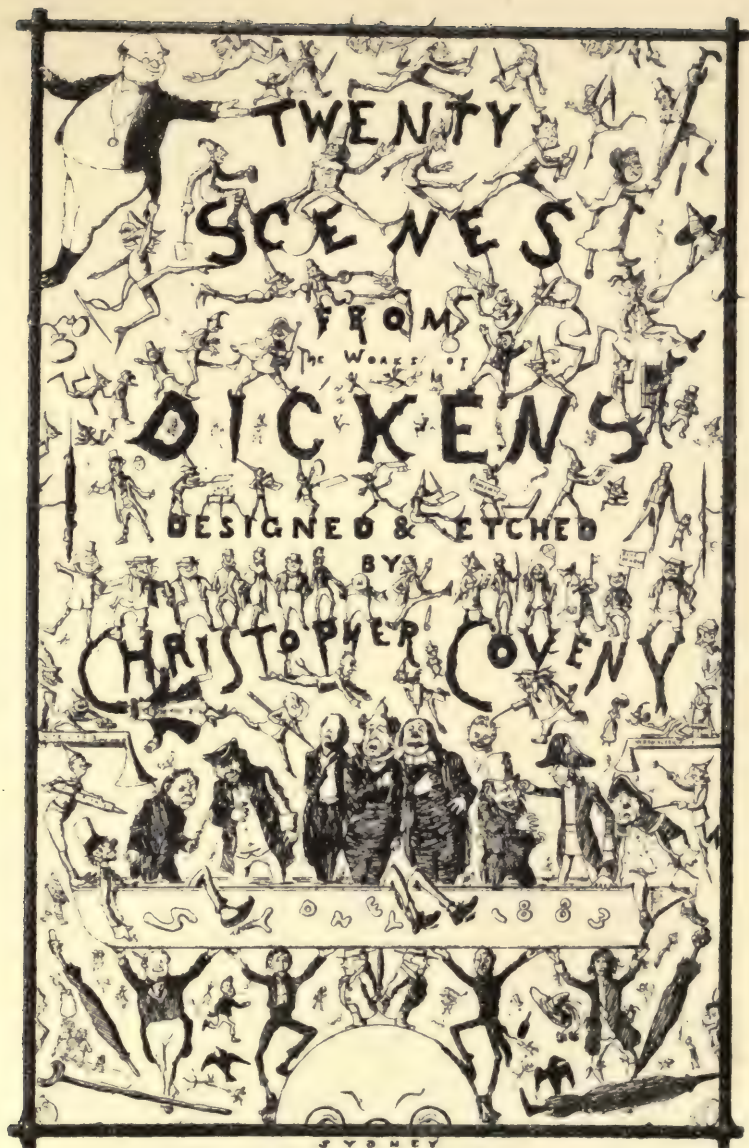
CHRISTOPHER COVENY.

1883.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

ETCHED FRONTISPIECE—*Pot-pourri* of DICKENS' CHARACTERS.

MRS. LEO HUNTER'S FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE. Chap. XV.	1
THE EATANSWILL ELECTION—THE STABLEYARD. Chap. XIII.	2
THE EATANSWILL ELECTION—THE PROCESSION. Chap. XIII.	3
THE EATANSWILL ELECTION—THE NOMINATION. Chap. XIII.	4
MR. PICKWICK WHEELED TO THE POUND. Chap. XIX.	5
MR. PICKWICK CARRIED BEFORE MR. NUPKINS. Chap. XXIV.	6
FALL OF MR. WINKLE ON THE ICE. Chap. XXX.	7
MR. PICKWICK SLIDING. Chap. XXX.	8
THE CRICKET MATCH AT MUGGLETON. Chap. VII.	9
MR. PICKWICK AT THE REVIEW. Chap. IV.... ..	10
MR. PICKWICK IN PURSUIT OF HIS HAT. Chap. IV.	11



SYDNEY
THOMAS M. FIELDING
1883

Title-page to "Scenes from Dickens."
Designed and etched by Christopher Coveny.
Published in Sydney, 1883.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS

PICKWICK PICTURES

BY

F. O. C. DARLEY.

■

ON THE ROAD TO MANOR FARM. Chap. V.	1
A PLEASANT DAY, WITH AN UNPLEASANT TERMINATION. Chap. XIX.	2
SAMUEL WELLER MAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO DORKING, AND BEHOLDS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW. Chap. XXVII.	3
A FAMILY PARTY INTERVIEWS IMPRISONED SAM IN THE FLEET. Chap. XLV.	4



Pickwick Papers.

'Showing how Mr Pickwick undertook to drive and Mr Winkle to ride and how they both did it.'

"ON THE ROAD TO MANOR FARM." (Chap. V.)



Pickwick Papers.

"What's the matter with the dogs' legs?" whispered Mr Winkle. "How queer they're standing!"

"A PLEASANT DAY, WITH AN UNPLEASANT TERMINATION." (Chap. XIX.)



Pickwick Papers.

"A plate of hot buttered toast was gently simmering, before the fire, and the red-headed man himself was busily engaged in converting a large slice of bread into the same agreeable edible."

"SAMUEL WELLER MAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO DORKING, AND BEHOLDS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW."
(Chap. XXVII.)



Pickwick Papers.

Yare do you feel it now sir? 'In the same place young man' rejoined Mr. Stiggins 'in the same place.'

"A FAMILY PARTY INTERVIEWS IMPRISONED SAM IN THE FLEET." (Chap. XLV.)

F. O. C. DARLEY.

IN addition to his smaller designs for the sympathetic illustration of "THE PICKWICK PAPERS," the late F. O. C. Darley produced a series of large character cartoons to the works of Charles Dickens, somewhat after the description of those spirited cartoons produced earlier by the late FRED BARNARD. By special artistic qualities, both artists were intimately in touch with their author, and these dual cartoons are alike inspired by the true humorous conception, fine feeling for character, and sympathetic artistic appreciation which distinguished these admirable designers and playful humourists; each distinctive in respective walks of the same vocation.

The larger Dickens cartoons by F. O. C. Darley were published in two series in 1888, issued in folio, the size of the reproductions, as concerns the actual work, being 15 × 12.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

FROM

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

By F. O. C. DARLEY.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. PORTER AND COATES, PHILADELPHIA.
1888.

FIRST SERIES.

CLEMENCY NEWCOME AND BEN BRITAIN.

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.

TONY WELLER—"THE OLD UN."

BARNABY RUDGE. OLIVER TWIST.

JOE GARGERY.

SECOND SERIES.

CALEB PLUMMER AND HIS BLIND DAUGHTER.

DOLLY VARDEN AND HUGH OF THE MAYPOLE INN.

OLIVER TWIST CLAIMED BY BILL SIKES AND NANCY.

JOHN WILLET AND RUDGE THE MURDERER.

MRS. GARGERY ON THE RAMPAGE.

DICK SWIVELLER AND QUILP.

SAM WELLER.

The two cartoons devoted to "THE PICKWICK PAPERS" represent the respective Wellers:—

TONY WELLER—"THE OLD UN."

"At last the stout man, putting up his leg on the seat, and leaning his back against the wall, began to puff at his pipe without leaving off at all, and to stare through the smoke at the new-comers, as if he had made up his mind to see the most he could of them."—"PICKWICK PAPERS," Chap. XX.

SAM WELLER.

" 'Sam.'

" 'Hallo !' replied the man with the white hat.

" 'Number Twenty-two wants his boots.'

" 'Ask Number Twenty-two whether he'll have 'em now, or wait till he gets 'em ?' was the reply.—"PICKWICK PAPERS," Chap. X.



S. EYTINGE.

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THE AMERICAN DIAMOND EDITION

OF

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SIXTEEN ORIGINAL WOOD-CUT ILLUSTRATIONS.

Designed by S. EYTINGE, JUN.

Engraved by A. V. S. ANTHONY.

TICKNOR AND FIELDS, BOSTON.

1867.

SIXTEEN ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

DESIGNED BY S. EYTINGE, JUN.

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[Engraved under the superintendence of A. V. S. Anthony.]

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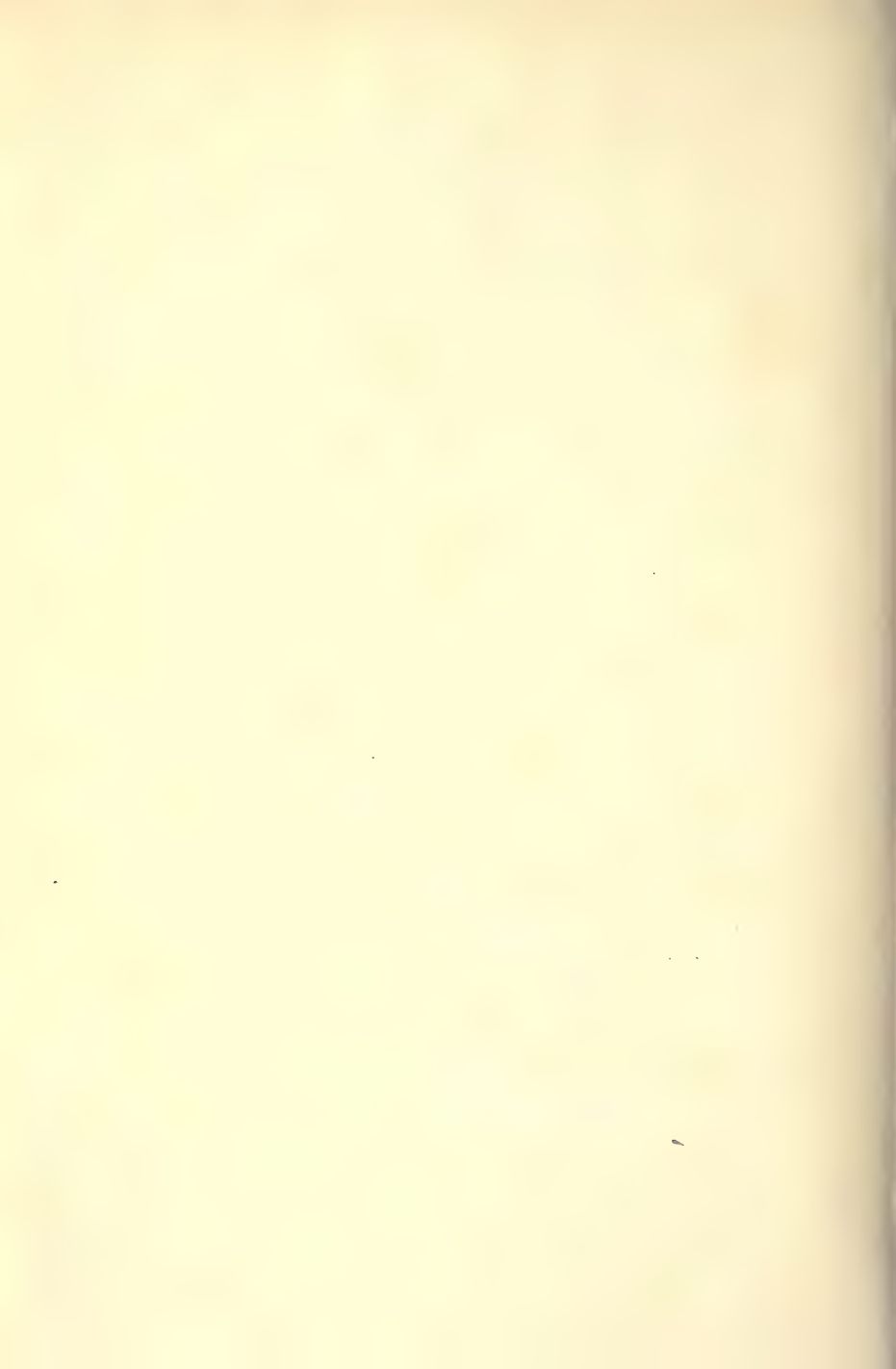
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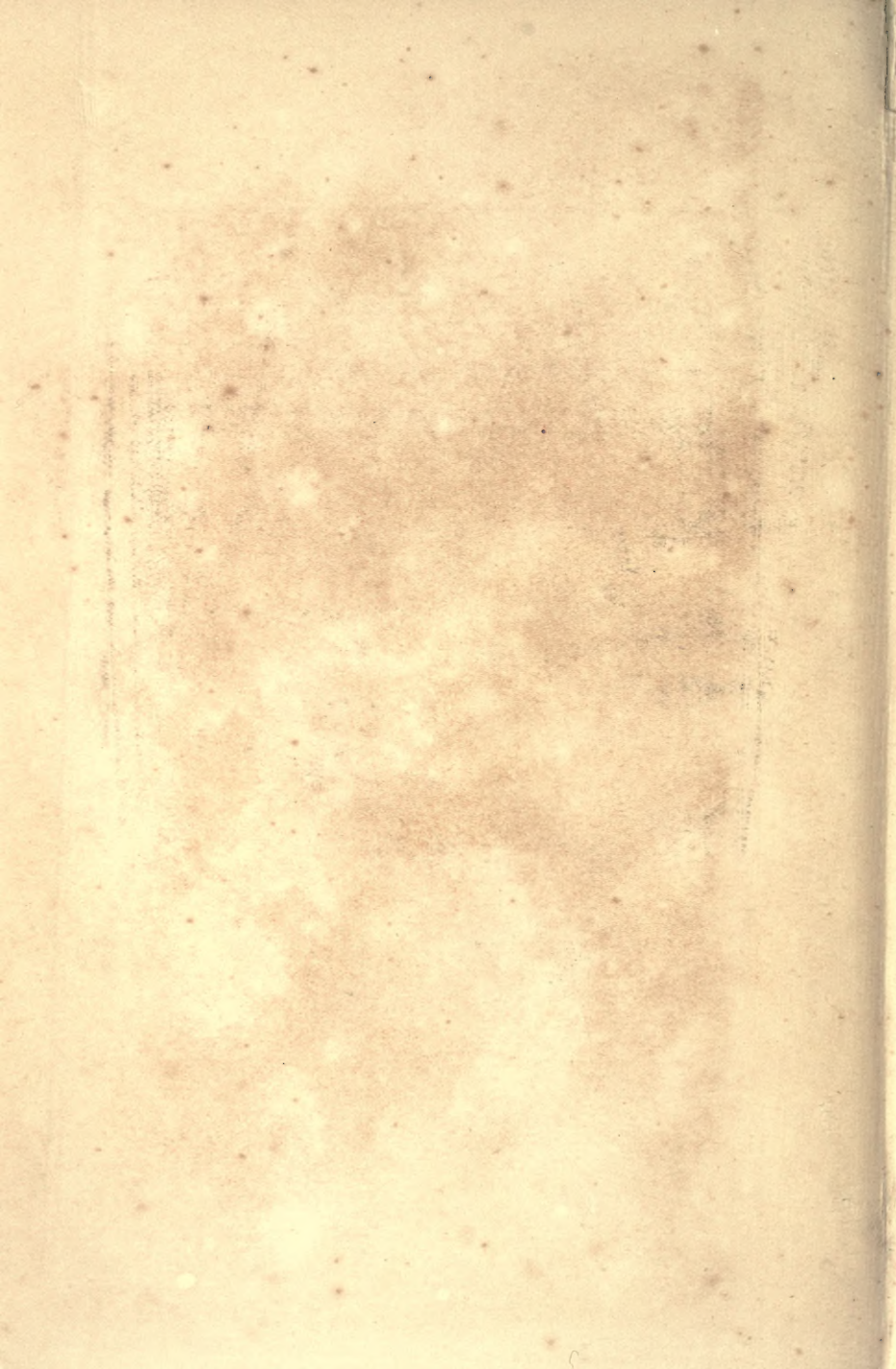
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